NEW STATESMAN

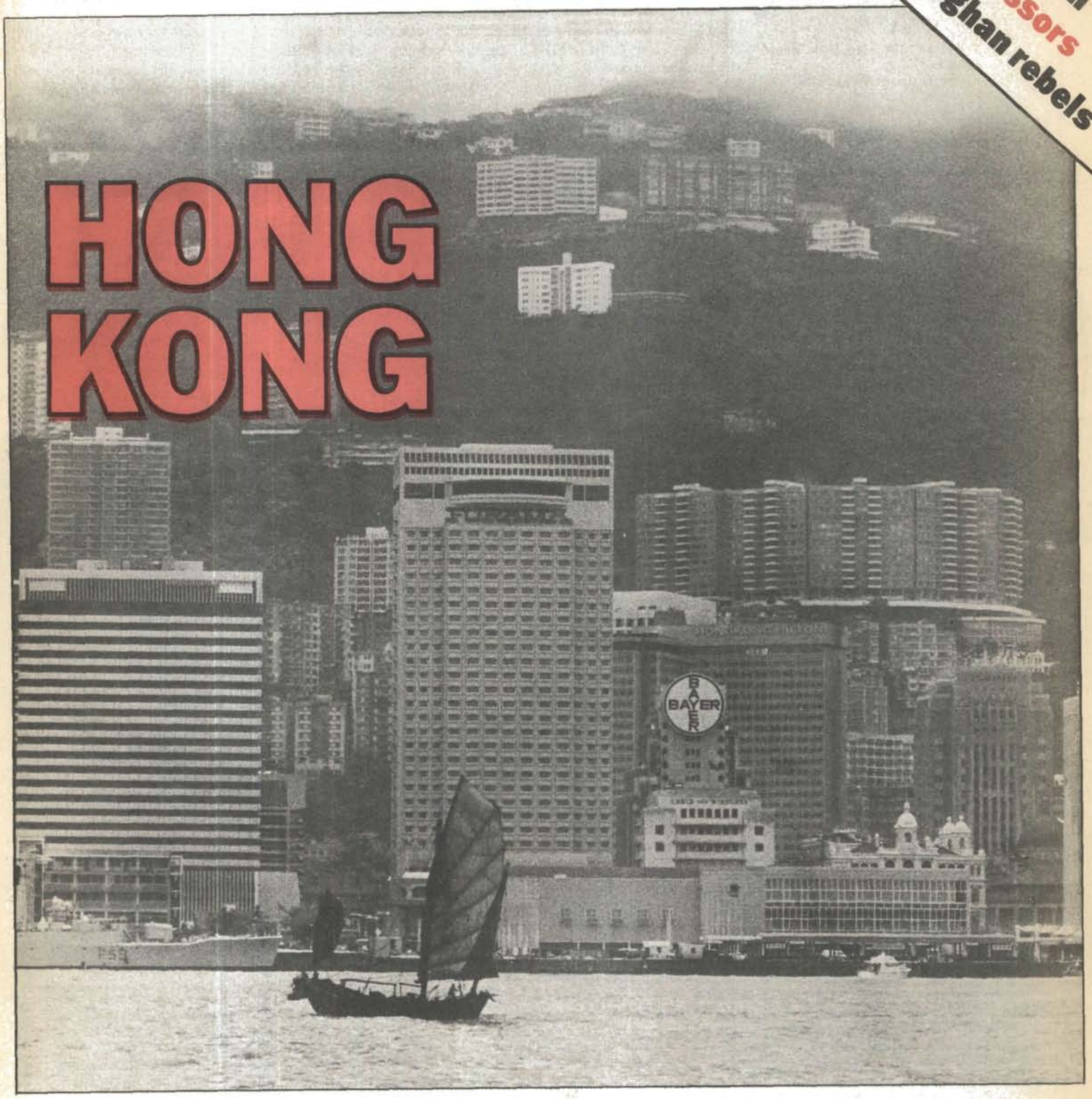
12 December 1980 45p USA $1.50 By Air

The coming cuts at the Post Office

Petrolburgers in London

The Ripper's predecessors

On the march with the Afghan rebels



HONG KONG

Britain's corrupt colony

Secret Government plans to destabilise politics

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 100 12 December 1980 No 2595

Contents

2 **Leader**
3 **BR's transport of nuclear waste:** Duncan Campbell
Liverpool health authority's unnecessary cuts: Rob Rohrer and Jane Leighton
4 **Lead hazards multiply:** Rick Rogers
5 **Bill Rodgers and Michael Foot:** Peter Kellner
6 **With the rebels in Afghanistan:** Gerard Chaliand
7 **Mrs Thatcher and Mr Haughey meet:** Mary Holland
Controversial use of Mental Health Act at Moss Side: Liz Howell
8 **Cover Story: Secret plan for dictatorship in Hong Kong:** Duncan Campbell
10 **New technology and the Post Office unions:** Patrick Wintour
12 **What makes a murderer:** C. H. Rolph
13 **London Diary:** Tariq Ali
14 **Letters to the editor**
15 **Arthur Marshall and Roger Woddis**

Books & Arts

16 **A fresh look at Tennyson:** Andrew Motion
16 **Post-war schooling in Britain:** Peter Gordon
18 **West Europe's Communist parties:** Archie Brown
19 **Race, sex & class in children's books 4:** Paul Binding
20 **Documentaries at the London Film Festival:** Stuart Hood
21 **Recent jazz records:** Charles Fox
22 **Kee's Ireland and Wood's railway journey:** Julian Barnes
22 **Class on stage in Not Quite Jerusalem:** Benedict Nightingale
23 **Weekend Competition**
24 **Chess and Crossword**
Poem by David Sweetman
Cover photograph: Camera Press

Editor: **Bruce Page;** Deputies: **Christopher Hird, Anna Coote;** Political Editor: **Peter Kellner;** London Editorial Staff: **Duncan Campbell, Christopher Hitchens, Francis Wheen, Patrick Wintour;** Northern Editor: **Rob Rohrer;** Irish Editor: **Mary Holland;** Associate Editor: **Godfrey Hodgson;** Education: **Rick Rogers;** Literary & Arts Editor: **David Caute;** Editorial Assistant: **Gillian Wilce;** Art Editor: **Vicky Hutchings;** Deputy: **Leigh Hughes;** Chief Executive: **Johnny Johnson;** General Manager: **Peter Jones;** Assistant General Manager: **Joanne Hurst;** Advertisement Manager: **Michael Roberts;** Classified Manager: **Stephen Mitchell;** Circulation Manager: **Les Sharp;** Circulation Sales Manager: **Tim Freeman;** Northern Circulation Sales Manager: **Liz Cooper;** Accountant: **Ted Peacock**

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £23, Overseas £25
Air mail:
Europe £29.50, Middle East £31.50, Africa, India £35.00, Australasia, Far East £38.00, USA $79.00, Canada $92.00

New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1
© 1980 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd. Marketing and sales representation by COMAG, West Drayton, Middlesex

'The trial' of Tekere

IF A FIREBRAND Rhodesian Front minister had taken seven henchmen into a tribal trust land and shot dead an innocent African farmer on the pretext of 'suppressing terrorism', the event would probably have gone unreported. But when the culprit is a black Zimbabwean minister with a revolutionary image and the victim a white farm manager, the resulting trial is reported world-wide; a white corpse, it seems, demands to be avenged. And yet, despite these double standards, there can be little doubt that Edgar Tekere, Minister of Manpower Planning and General Secretary of the ruling Zanu (PF), was guilty of an unprovoked murder.

The story began early in August with a party on a farm near Salisbury. Tekere and his friends came under fire from soldiers billeted in a neighbouring farmhouse. At a subsequent reception held in honour of President Machel of Mozambique, the Young Turk Tekere, brash and quixotic, boasted of his impending 'military operation' — the shooting at Stamford Farm he took as a challenge both to himself and his ruling party. Machel reminded him that he was a hothead; Joshua Nkomo turned his broad back when Tekere, with typical coalition-camaraderie, informed the PF leader that it was Zipra (military wing of the PF) that he intended to curb: and Mugabe himself offered no response when told — if Tekere is to be believed — of the plan. In court Tekere later traded on his old and intimate relationship with the Prime Minister to interpret his 'silence' as approval.

DRESSED in combat fatigues and high boots, Tekere set out with seven bodyguards. Advancing in line they blasted the national army soldiers out of one farmhouse, then advanced on another just as its peaceful occupant, a 68-year-old farm manager called Gerald Adams, alighted from his car. Terrified, and ignoring Tekere's command to 'surrender', Adams ran indoors and made a desperate attempt to radio the police. One of Tekere's 'aides' (as he described them in court), Joseph Chakanetsa, entered the house and killed Adams with three shots. The defence later claimed that Adams fired first but no spent cartridge from his revolver was ever found. Besides, Zimbabwe has its fill of bandits in combat fatigues and the farm manager had reason neither to regard himself as a 'terrorist' nor to assume that he was being honoured by a visit from the Minister of Manpower Planning.

Having failed to persuade Judge Pittman to disqualify himself as a loyal servant of the Smith regime, Tekere's legal advisers took refuge behind Smith's notorious Immunity Act, hastily passed in 1975 to enable servants of the state to torture, kill and maim with impunity, provided they believed themselves, 'in good faith', to be engaged in 'suppressing terrorism'.

This Act has now been repealed by the Government in which Edgar Tekere serves. If a lawyer's duty is to his client, how could Tekere himself — man of the people and de-coloniser extraordinary — have adopted so tainted a line of defence? He claimed, of course, that he stood no chance of a fair trial at the hands of Smith's judges. Yet this argument ignores the fact that if Tekere had been convicted in the High Court his appeal would have been heard by judges who had chosen exile rather than UDI; indeed both Chief Justice Fieldsend and Justice Leo Baron were appointed *after* Mugabe took office.

IN THE EVENT Pittman was out-voted by his two assessors, one black and one coloured. The latter, Chris Greenland, was one of the first non-whites to accept the office of magistrate under the Smith regime. But soon after Mugabe's election victory he passed extraordinarily lenient sentences (a £30 fine plus a wholly suspended prison sentence) on a group of Zanu (PF) activists who had attacked an elderly white and his 70-year-old sister on their Goromonzi farm hospitalising the woman with broken ribs and a punctured lung. Greenland's keenest sense seems to be for prevailing winds.

In a new state as beset by tensions — political, tribal and racial — as Zimbabwe, calculations of *raison d'état* are not necessarily shameful. Given Tekere's reputed support within the radical wing of the party and among Zanla guerrillas, would not a verdict of 'guilty' have placed Mugabe in an impossible position or, at the least, hindered the urgent task of persuading 20,000 increasingly frustrated freedom fighters to relinquish their weapons? It's possible. But Tekere's radical image, like that of his fellow fire-eater Enos Nkala, owes more to flamboyant public gestures than to any consistent commitment to radical social and economic policies. Having produced a budget so conservative that Rhodesian Front MPs almost wept with gratitude, Nkala delivered a speech in Bulawayo, calling for a one-party state, that precipitated a 48-hour local civil war, leaving more than 60 dead and 500 wounded. What most enrages Tekere and Nkala is the continued existence of a rival party with a secure base in Matabeleland — Nkomo's PF.

Mugabe must know this. He must also know that since Independence the courts have imposed stiff sentences on scores of local party officials for staging kangaroo courts and administering punitive beatings, some of them fatal. Others have been sentenced for staging shoot-outs in the townships. The lesson of the Tekere case for the rank-and-file may well be that there is one law for the powerful and another for the rest.

NEXT WEEK
in our
CHRISTMAS DOUBLE ISSUE

Duncan Campbell's Christmas present. Where will the Establishment's tormentor strike next? When you know the result you'll die laughing.

The Mad Thatcher's Tea Party. Roger Woddis and John Minnion take a short trip into Wonderland: the only two people who can satirise a government like this.

Not to mention: Christmas Quiz; Down Memory Lane with the *Sun*'s centre-spread.

Also — God is sophisticated, but not malicious. Bruce Page takes up the story which E. P. Thompson started a year ago in these pages ('An Alternative to Doomsday').

And much, much more . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duncan Campbell

BR fails to convince rail unions on nuclear safety

BRITISH RAIL, who transport two nuclear waste shipments every day, are refusing to re-route the shipments away from highly populated urban areas, and London in particular. The principal reason for this is spelt out in leaked documents obtained by the *New Statesman* — public relations. If the nuclear waste transports were to be rerouted, the British Railways Board asserts, the public might get an alleged 'totally false impression that there was in fact a safety hazard'.

This justification for BR's intransigence was spelt out several times during a recent series of high level joint meetings with the railway unions ASLEF, NUR and TSSA. We have obtained a record of the meetings. Although claiming that shipments of nuclear waste were perfectly safe, BR representatives in fact spelt out a series of hitherto unknown or unproven hazards resulting from the use of the special 'flasks' which contain the waste being shipped to Windscale from the CEGB's network of nuclear power stations.

The most remarkable of these is a phenomenon whereby the outside of the nuclear waste container becomes *more* radioactive, not less, during shipping. This is not caused by leakage from inside, but by the 'leaching' of radioactive substances from the white paintwork of the enormous containers. The paint becomes mildly radioactive during the time the container is loaded with waste nuclear fuel at a power station.

If the container — which is uncovered during transport —is exposed to rain during transportation, a likely occurrence, then the radioactive substances from the paint may gather in a pool at the bottom of the container. At least one reportable nuclear incident a year has been caused by this phenomenon —containers which on leaving a nuclear power station had no external contamination have on arrival at Windscale been found to be notably radioactive.

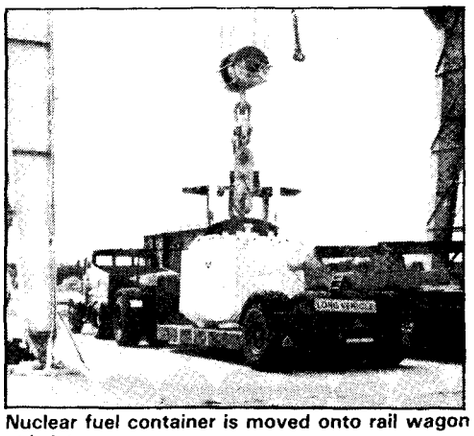
This problem has been so widespread that the CEGB and BR always fit discardable aluminium plates at the bottom of the waste containers to try and catch as much of the radioactive run off as possible, before it affects the railway wagon. These aluminium 'feet' cannot however stop the radioactive rainwater from reaching the ground around the wagon.

This problem has been made worse by the casual attitude taken by the CEGB and BR to the 'stabling' of nuclear waste shipments in city areas for several days. The CEGB/BR deal over nuclear waste is the cheapest possible, with little regard for public concern. Thus the waste trains are taken by the shortest possible route, central London *not* excluded. And if the CEGB ships out the waste late in the week, then it will end up parked in a suburban goods yard for 2 or 3 days, because the deal does not include paying crews overtime to work at weekends. It was 'inevitable', BR Chief Operations Manager's representative Mr P Lynch told a joint BR-union meeting in September 1979, that containers would be stabled 'in suburban areas at weekends'.

However in response to NUR pressure, BR claimed three months later that they were then only accepting containers from the CEGB 'on days which ensured that they completed their journey to Windscale before the weekend'. Last month, however, a BR official admitted to the *New Statesman* that containers were still being left for 2 or 3 days in urban areas.

The NUR also unearthed more hair raising stories of occasions when the nuclear waste containers had been left parked directly outside staff Mess Rooms for a three day period. These leaked documents add to the evidence of disregard of risks to the public, already apparent in debate over the hazards of waste transport. Earlier this year, anti-nuclear campaigners were able to demonstrate that they could attack a nuclear waste train at a central London station using a mock anti-tank gun weapon. Although the containers can withstand many accidents they cannot deal with attacks by terrorists or other encounters with explosives.

The British Rail Board have promised extensive further information for the unions. But they rejected any proposals for some railway crews to be equipped with geiger counters to check the hazards for themselves. They wrote off concern about the radiation exposure to railway workers and others from the containers and their contents in the customary offhand manner of the nuclear industry, with the claim that it was comparable to the dose from medical X rays. As is also customary, the figures to prove this were not available.



Nuclear fuel container is moved onto rail wagon at Leiston.

Rob Rohrer and Jane Leighton report on a Liverpool sacking

Out goes the good doctor

LIVERPOOL Area Health Authority is forcing the city's chief medical officer to resign because he opposed senior colleagues over massive health service cuts and insisted they were partly prompted by serious financial miscalculations. In secret session last Friday the health authority voted to dismiss Dr Duncan Dolton, the medical officer who heads their management team.

The sacking is likely to bring to a head discontent over the current management of Liverpool's health services. Several months ago Whitehall's concern was shown when the DHSS privately mooted the possibility of suspending the authority and installing health service commissioners or sending in a 'shadow' team of administrators. These steps, unpublicised and so far not carried out, are known to have arisen partly from anxieties expressed by Dolton on how the authority managed its finances. Intervention for this reason would be unprecedented. Lambeth, Southwark, and Lewisham health authority was only suspended when it refused to enforce financial cuts.

Dolton's opposition to cuts began earlier this year when he publicly challenged the authority's treasurer over estimates that £4.5 million cuts were necessary. At the height of the debate officers were withholding from authority members' and the public, information that a substantial £22 million increase in the annual budget had been achieved. The budget had been increased by the regional authority from £88 million to £110 million. 'It meant,' says one observer angrily, 'immense and unnecessary distress, particularly in hospitals faced with closures.'

Included in the £4.2 million cuts were measures designed to provide a £2 million contingency fund to counteract any additional inflation. Dolton argued that this inflation was a government responsibility and should not be used as a reason for further cutbacks. Following instructions from the regional authority Dolton's view was accepted and a considerable number of cuts became unnecessary.

The main problem, however, was Liverpool's intention, strenuously resisted by its chief medical officer, to balance the books. This has been achieved. Last week the expected surplus was estimated at £32,000 and if wage settlements are held below the budgeted 14 per cent this will rise to around a quarter of a million. Dolton is known to believe privately that the last time Liverpool health authority produced a surplus — in 1977 a projected loss was turned into a £300,000 'profit' — lives were lost. Renal dial-

Oswald Mosley's final message

Oswald Mosley, the veteran fascist demagogue, died last week. Throughout his life he was intent on persuading people that their view of history was seriously mistaken. Ironically, days before his death the *New Statesman* received the following letter from him:

26 November 1980

To the Editor of the "New Statesman".

Sir,

In your issue of November 21 there was a reference to my Olympia meeting. The simple facts have often been published without disproof. The largest audience ever seen at that time assembled to fill the Olympia hall and hear the speech. A small minority determined by continuous shouting to prevent my speech being heard. After due warning our stewards removed with their bare hands men among whom were some armed with such weapons as razors and knives. The audience were then able to listen to a speech which lasted for nearly two hours.

Yours faithfully,

Oswald Mosley

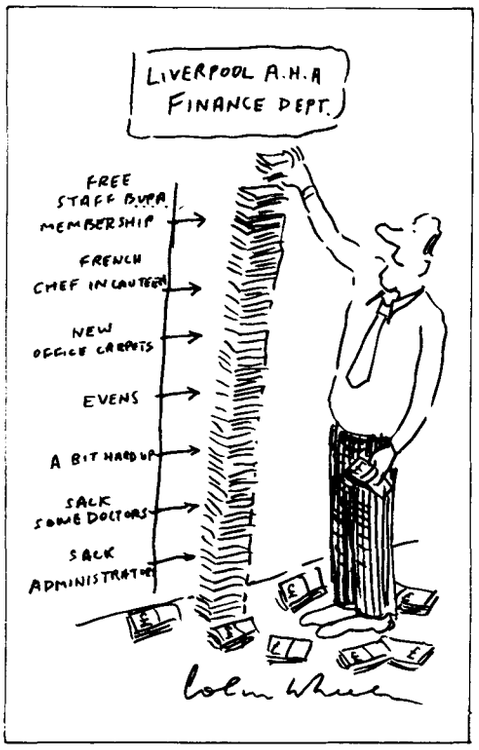
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ysis was cut back and, according to doctors involved, a number of people died because they did not receive the treatment.

THIS YEAR the health authority set out to assemble £4.2 million worth of cuts, euphemistically labelled 'changes in the provision of existing services'. These led to reductions in beds for gynaecology, dermatology, orthopaedics, geriatrics, and surgery. Dolton's view within the authority was that if cuts were really necessary other areas should suffer before clinical services and the welfare of patients.

Cutbacks now mean that Liverpool children with acute eye conditions, which could cause irreversible eye damage and blindness if untreated, have to wait 12 months for attention unless family doctors rush them into casualty departments for referral to the eye hospital as 'emergencies'.

Liverpool's medical officer also disagreed with the authority over the medical staff budget which he initially refused to accept. Faced with a demand for £200,000 cuts, Dolton proposed not to replace 40 junior doctors and four consultants. The authority rejected this but continued to insist on drastic financial savings. In frustration Dolton declared his job 'had become impossible'. Privately he offered to resign but pressure locally and from Whitehall prompted him to withdraw his offer before last month. Last Friday the authority refused by 11 votes to 5 to allow Dolton to withdraw his



resignation and refused Dolton's request to address them.

Liverpool's prominence in the Mersey region places a heavy burden on city hospitals. But only £5 million additional aid is given to the city, and one expert estimate holds that up to £3 million extra should be paid. Liverpool, however, has appeared unwilling to press its case for more cash and prefers instead, under its chairman, a retired banker, to concentrate on balancing its budget. Earlier this year the health authority agreed to join health service unions in a combined plea for more government cash but eventually backed out of this agreement on the grounds, surprisingly, that available funds were in fact 'satisfactory'.

It was not only Dolton's stand on the cuts that was unwelcome. His popularity was not enhanced by his frequently expressed view that Liverpool spends proportionately less on its hospital medical services than most other areas. His belief that patients' interests were paramount was unfavourably regarded when it was expressed through his consistent cooperation with Community Health Councils. And his agreement with trade unions last year to admit emergencies only during a dispute was regarded by consultants as one of many interferences with their clinical freedom. Members present at last Friday's meeting said nothing was clearer than that this was a doctor who had fallen out with his profession, and it was a doctor who proposed the final resolution which secured Dolton's departure. Appropriately enough, the future of a chief medical officer who had tried to uphold patients' interests, and to do it in some small way publicly, was decided in secret.

Rick Rogers on official moves which increase the risk to children

Lead hazards multiply

A GOVERNMENT SURVEY of new-born babies in Glasgow, which reveals that more than one in ten were born with a blood lead level above the EEC safety level for adults, has been kept secret for over a year. Doctors who worked on the survey, carried out during 1979, claim that government ministers and civil servants have been — and still are — hampering the publication of the report. Copies are still not publicly available.

The high levels are due to a combination of the lead piping and tanks used for the city's water supply and the very soft water in the area, which makes it easy for lead to transfer from the piping to the water. Babies receive the lead via the pregnant mother's placenta. The EEC limit for adults is 35 micrograms of lead per 100 millilitres of blood (35ug/100ml); a safe level for children is reckoned to be 15ug/100ml.

The survey should have been included in the Lawther report *Lead and health* published by the DHSS last March. This played down the effects of lead pollution on children and did not even consider the issue of lead crossing the mother's placenta to the foetus.

Another recent Glasgow study (Moore and Goldberg) measured water lead levels in homes of mentally retarded children, where no cause has been found for their disability, and those of normal children. The lead concentration in the water was significantly higher for the mentally retarded group. A child is twice as likely to be mentally retarded if the water lead level in the home during pregnancy or the first year of life is over a limit of 800 mg of lead per litre of water. Many Glasgow homes are above that limit.

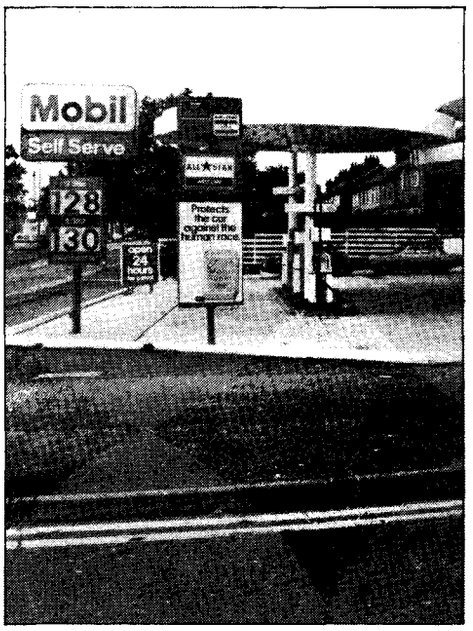
Dr Michael Moore, who worked on both surveys, says of the newborn babies study:

> No-one here or abroad has produced such high lead pollution figures for a general population survey. One in 20 of the population is over-exposed in most gross terms. Children are a critical at-risk group.

The figures that get nearest to those in Glasgow relate to neighbourhoods around lead smelters.

A programme of liming the city's water supply (which reduces lead pollution) was begun in 1979 when health officials started receiving the results of the survey. But this has now been stopped by Strathclyde regional council because of the public spending cuts. The capital cost is said to be £1 million with running costs of 'several hundred thousand a year'. Replacing lead piping is expensive and no official grant aid is available. Cheaper ways to cut down pollution have also been rejected. The government has told Scottish authorities that no money will be provided to reduce the lead hazard. Dr Moore points out that while the water supply is the prime cause of pollution in Glasgow, 'lead in petrol merely makes matters worse'.

Britain's latest and most dangerous eating place



MEANWHILE IN LONDON, Mobil Oil is about to launch a series of take-away fast-food units on its filling station forecourts. The first — at the Bush Centre filling station by Shepherd's Bush Green, West London — has just been approved by Hammersmith and Fulham council's planning department. The council's health department was informed of the Mobil application but, according to a local health official, 'somehow our comments were not sent back to the planning people'.

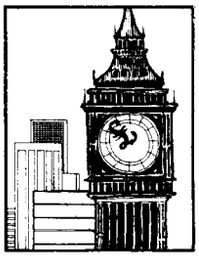
The Mobil plan has been severely criticised by environmentalists and the anti-lead lobby. Professor Derek Bryce-Smith of Reading University and co-author of *Lead or health,* a critical study of the Lawther document, says:

> Petrol and food don't mix. Tests carried out by the Transport and Road Research Laboratory show that over 50 per cent of the lead in the atmosphere around filling stations is organic lead. And that is acutely more poisonous than the more usual inorganic lead.

Studies carried out in New Zealand of dogs living on filling station forecourts have revealed substantial amounts of lead in their bodies — over 40 times more than is normal. Some have died prematurely from lead poisoning. These

Contd on p.7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Peter Kellner, Political Editor

Wanted: a touch of class war

LET US PUT a kind interpretation on the events of last weekend. Michael Foot felt he had to move William Rodgers from being Labour's shadow Defence spokesman, and Rodgers was willing to be moved. The problem was to place Rodgers in a position that satisfied Foot's wish for a balanced front bench team that could combat the Government, with Rodgers's wish not to be humiliated by a demotion. Foot was not attempting to sack Rodgers; and Rodgers was not seeking a martyr's crown.

What happened, according to this scenario, was that two honourable men failed to find sufficient common ground. Foot offered Rodgers two intrinsically important jobs in turn: first health, then social security. Rodgers declined because, however important the subjects, each occupied only half a cabinet minister: Patrick Jenkin, as Social Services Secretary, covers both fields. Foot then offered Rodgers the Northern Ireland brief. If Rodgers did not want to take on half of Patrick Jenkin, would he prefer to slog it out with the whole of Humphrey Atkins?

No, said Rodgers, Northern Ireland lacks the stature of Defence; it too would be seen as a demotion.

A cynical interpretation of these events would be that Foot intended Rodgers's humiliation, and further or alternatively, that Rodgers is an arrogant twerp for considering Health only 'half a job'. Pay beds, hospital closures, NHS reorganisation, waiting lists prescription charges, private health insurance schemes, class and regional inequalities, perinatal mortality: many eminent socialists could, and not a few do, make such concerns a life's work.

But I prefer the simpler 'decent men' theory, in which both Foot and Rogers tried honestly but unsuccessfully to come to terms. On the one hand Foot tried to reconcile the Party's warring factions. On the other hand Rodgers would have accepted the industry, trade or energy briefs, but had to draw the line somewhere to avoid an undeserved demotion.

I DO NOT WANT readers to feel that this column has gone weak at the knees in making these observations, or that its judgment has been mellowed by an excess of seasonal goodwill. My point is that cynical explanations of what has happened are too easy. They obscure a more fundamental flaw in the character of the Labour leadership.

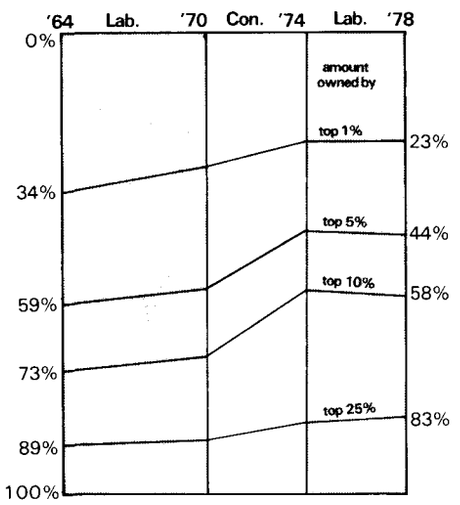
For all the apparent fury of ideology within the party, it is position rather than policy that causes the greater bitterness. What seems to matter more these days in the PLP is what people are, rather than what they do. What Rodgers turned down was not so much the chance to *do* anything about the Tories' rape of the health service, as to *be* a shadow to half of one cabinet minister. The first should be a real job; the second is not.

Now there is nothing new about human organisations degenerating into a condition where status counts for more than action. In the case of the Parliamentary Labour Party, however, the process is frighteningly far advanced. The evidence comes not only from the behaviour of Foot and Rodgers, or even of Tony Benn. It also comes from two publications out this week showing how abysmal Labour's record has been as a party of action in securing the loyalty of, and radical change for, Britain's working class.

The 1981 edition of *Social Trends* (HMSO, £16.50) gives the latest figures for the distribution of wealth in Britain. All sorts of problems attend such figures: how you define wealth for one thing, and how you measure it for another. Even so, as long as you keep your definition and methods of measurement constant, you should be able to detect trends with some accuracy. And one significant test for any Labour government is how far it can shift the balance from the wealthy and towards everyone else.

Is Heath a socialist?

Distribution of personal wealth 1964-78



Source: Royal Commission on the Distribution of Income and Wealth, Vol. 1, and Social Trends 1981.

The chart above shows what has actually happened under the last three governments. Some redistribution occurred between 1964 and 1970 under Harold Wilson. Quite a lot occurred between 1970 and 1974 under Edward Heath (mainly towards home-owners with mortgages, because of the house-price explosion). *But none at all occurred between 1974 and 1978* under the last Labour government. It came to power formally committed to more radical measures than any previous Labour government — by promising a wealth tax, for example — but it achieved precisely nothing.

THE SECOND piece of evidence comes from an analysis of voting behaviour over the past twenty years. Professor Richard Rose of Strathclyde University has dissected the data compiled by Gallup Polls at each general election since 1959, and shown how class loyalties have ceased to play anything more than a marginal role in the way people vote. Rose's study *Class does not equal Party,* has some serious implications for Labour, if it wants to survive on the long term as a credible electoral force.

When Gallup asks people how they intend voting, it also gets a great deal of other demographic information, so the figures can be analysed by age, sex, class, trade union membership, religion, region, housing status (council tenant, owner-occupier, etc) and so on. By a process known as multivariate analysis it is possible to look at how all these factors combine to influence voting behaviour.

For example, if every trade unionist voted Labour, and every non-unionist voted Conservative, then the scale would show that union membership 'explained' 100 per cent of the difference between the parties. If, on the other hand, the Labour-Conservative division were identical in each group — by class, age, and so on — then the scale would show that social factors 'explained' none of the voting differences.

In real life, of course, behaviour falls between the two extremes, and complex patterns form. It is when all the factors are analysed together than the results become interesting.

First, the influence of social structure on voting behaviour has almost halved in twenty years. There is sometimes a temptation to think of Harold Macmillan's 1959 'never had it so good' election victory as a triumph of materialism over class, while Margaret Thatcher's 1979 victory exposed deep class tensions. The opposite is true. Voters divided more on class lines in 1959 than at any election since, and altogether social factors 'explained' 21 per cent of the division of the votes obtained by Labour and Conservative candidates. In 1979 social factors only explained 12 per cent of the division.

Second, Rose explodes the myth that British politics are more class-based than the politics of other western European countries. In fact social factors (usually a combination of class and religion) influence party allegiances to a far greater degree in every other country, except Ireland.

Third, in as far as social factors do still influence British voters, it is no longer class *per se* that matters most. As Rose puts it,

> The important political divisions now run *within* the working class. Among manual workers, home-owners and non-union members tend to be Conservative, and council tenants and union members tend to remain Labour. Old clothcap and bowler hat distinctions between parties are being replaced by a multiplicity of income and life-style differences, such as housing, and ownership of consumer goods.

It sounds like music to Conservative ears — except that the affluent voter is now less solidly Tory than he or she used to be, just as the manual worker is less solidly Labour.

It is in the nature of findings like these that they do not tell us *why* the trend has been as it has, nor whether it will continue, nor whether it is a Good Thing. But I suspect that the chart on the distribution of wealth indicates part of the answer — that neither main party has been at all successful in furthering the interests of its natural supporters. I suspect also that the present Conservative leadership recognises that fact, while the present Labour leadership does not.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marching with the rebels

GERARD CHALIAND, a French journalist who has made two extended visits to Afghanistan this year, reports on how the guerrillas are faring after twelve months of struggle against the Russians.

AFTER A STEEP climb we reached the Dolei Pass, on the border between the provinces of Kunar and Nuristan. We paused for a few moments to savour the reward for our effort: the view. On the Pakistani side, many miles away, we could see paddy-fields laid out in terraces — one of the most beautiful artificial landscapes in the world. On the Afghan side were long chains of overlapping mountains, half-obscured by a light mist, looking like a Chinese painting.

We had just begun our descent when my companion grabbed my arm. Exactly two yards in front of me was a mine, no bigger than a pack of cards. Its green plastic case was well camouflaged by mossy ground on which it lay. The leader of our group, a man called Walid, photographed the mine before detonating it by throwing a stone at it. These 'anti-personnel' mines — which can easily take your leg off — are dropped from helicopters. They remain intact on landing, but explode the moment someone steps on them. Their presence throughout the countryside effectively prevents one from travelling at night.

Contrary to the impression given by films and books, guerrilla war is an extremely tedious activity. (I speak as one who has spent more than fifteen months with guerrillas in Latin America, Africa and Asia.) Almost all of a guerrilla's time is spent tramping up hill and down dale, which is pleasant enough but hardly very exciting. Most of the rest of the time is spent hiding, visiting camps and trying to avoid disease. You may occasionally be present at an ambush, but actual extended combat is rare.

My journey with the Afghan guerrillas began in October just south of Barikurt (see map) and finished at Chitral. The province of Kunar, through which we travelled, seemed almost empty. We passed through at least a dozen villages which had been abandoned by the inhabitants, with the crops still unharvested. For a month we ate almost nothing but nuts and ears of corn, although occasionally, when we stayed with villagers, we would be treated to tea and yoghurt.

Along the Kunar river there are a number of villages and towns which are held by a small contingent of Afghan soldiers — about fifty, usually — and a village militia, normally several hundred strong. The fighting around these fortified villages is almost always of the same pattern: the guerrillas launch a small-arms attack; the army replies with mortar or machine gun. The outcome is normally inconclusive, but these symbolic skirmishes make the Afghan army feel isolated and insecure while giving the rebels the initiative.

However, not all the confrontations are so harmless. Between 24 and 27 September, near the Binchei Pass in Kunar, a column of about 300 rebels was surrounded by Soviet troops. After two days of artillery fire and aerial bombardment, Soviet parachutists were dropped from helicopters. Walid, my guide, takes up the story: 'They were much better than us and at nightfall, from the tops of surrounding hills, they would send up rocket flares. We were trapped there for two days, without food, being fired on from all sides. It was hell.' There were few survivors.

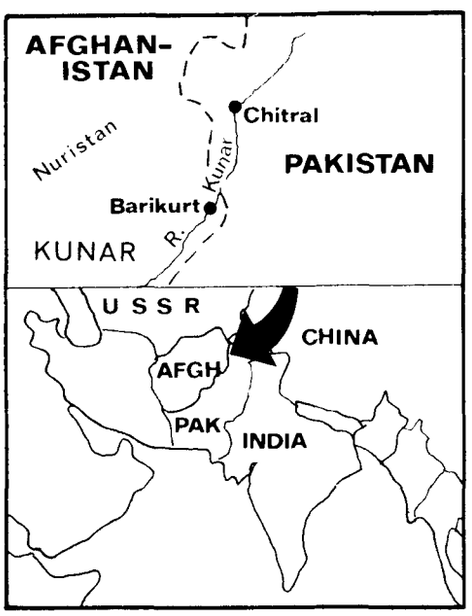
A similar operation took place the same month in the Panchir valley, and the Soviet troops and the Afghan army have now moved on from there to conduct further cleaning-up exercises in the provinces of Baghlan, Parwan, Logar, Wardak along the Paktian frontier.

THE SOVIET STRATEGY has worked reasonably well. The Russians have not committed the error made by the French in Algeria and the Americans in Vietnam — that of filling the country with a huge expeditionary force, of which only about 10 or 15 per cent are effective fighters. Apart from being very expensive, it is also bad for morale to have large numbers of useless troops cluttering up the country. Instead, for both political and economic reasons, the Russians have chosen to send a force which is just big enough to control the main towns and communication routes.

The Afghan army, which was 80,000-strong in 1978, has shrunk to half the size through desertion. Many of the deserters have joined the resistance, taking with them their arms and equipment. Even so, the government has managed to hold the Pakistani border by setting up a dense network of fortified posts, surrounded by mines.

The Russians move about in armoured columns, which the rebels are unable to attack successfully. Most of the mines and explosives used by the guerrillas are of poor quality, and anti-tank guns are few and far between. Moreover, if a group of Soviet tanks is attacked, helicopters move in almost immediately to pin down the guerrillas. Indeed more and more often these days the Soviet troops themselves are moved about by air, which makes them even more unassailable. Contrary to periodic reports from 'diplomatic sources' (usually in New Delhi), the Soviets have suffered remarkably few casualities in the year since the invasion.

In the border provinces, the Soviet and Afghan armies have provoked an exodus by a large part of the rural population. The number of Afghan refugees in Pakistan, which was about 400,000 a year ago, is now over a million. This has caused further problems for the guerrillas, as it is hard for them to find food in the depopulated areas, and it has forced them to move on. The difficulties faced by the rebels have been compounded by the fact that the Afghan regime and the Russians have been practising classic tribal politics in the countryside, assiduously cultivating a number of chieftains who, for diverse reasons, do not feel any allegiance to the guerrillas.



Despite these rural activities, the Russians' main effort in the first year of occupation has been concentrated on the towns, and especially on Kabul. As well as trying to deal with administrative problems — which are complicated by the rivalry between Parcham and Khalq — the Russians have built a number of new roads and have set up economic projects which will aid the integration of Afghanistan into the Soviet bloc. The Russians strengthened their control over Kabul this summer by issuing special identity cards, which have hampered the rebels' ability to sneak into the city to stock up at the bazaar.

THE RUSSIANS have, therefore, some reason to feel that their Afghan excursion has been fairly successful, and cheap. When assessing the credibility of claims such as that recently published in the *International Herald Tribune* — which said that the Russians had suffered 1,500 casualties in the month of September alone — it is worth recalling that in 12 years of war, against a foe much better armed than the Afghan rebels, the Americans lost no more than 50,000 troops.

Nor, however, should one exaggerate the losses suffered by the rebels. Those who describe the Afghan war in terms of genocide are harming the cause that they claim to support. The essential point to stress at the moment is that the offensive capacity of the Afghan resistance has not been broken. The rebels have *not* yet suffered the sort of blood-letting which took place in Algeria in 1958-59, or in Vietnam in 1969-70. There is not yet an Afghan equivalent to the Vietnamese 'search and destroy' operations or to Operation Phoenix.

In fact, the balance sheet at the end of this first year is uncertain: the bottle is half empty or half full, depending on how you look at it. The government has had great difficulty in finding young recruits to swell its army; students have demonstrated their opposition several times in the streets of Kabul; there have been numerous defections by high officials who cannot bring themselves to collaborate with the Karmal regime. Equally, however, the resistance has not profited much from this discontent: most educated people have gone to the West rather than join the rebels, who are thus short of technical and political know-how. The doggedness of the rebels and the muted satisfaction of the Russians, coupled with the fact that neither side has yet suffered a serious setback, lead me to believe that the real war in Afghanistan has barely begun.

Gerard Chaliand is the author of several books including Revolution in the Third World *and* People without a Country: the Kurds and Kurdistan. *Next week he looks in detail at the various ethnic and religious groups which make up the Afghan resistance, and examines the Soviet Union's motivation in wishing to wage an extended war with them.*
Translated from the French by Francis Wheen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lead

Contd from p.4

results have persuaded the New Zealand government to set up a detailed investigation of lead pollution in the country. Surveys in Australia have come up with similar findings.

Derek Birtles of Mobil's retailing section says Mobil is the first oil company in Britain to go into the fast-food business: 'With the energy crisis and petrol price wars, we need additional profit centres.' Mobil runs 1,300 garages in the UK and is currently negotiating for two more fast-food units in Warrington and Sheffield.

Birtles says: 'All our food will be cooked in microwave ovens, packaged and untouched by human hand.' Hot dogs, hamburgers, baconburgers and chips are all likely to be offered — plus a special Mobil 'petrolburger'. These are all foods with a high fat content. Recent studies with rats show that eating food with high fat content increases lead uptake by 50 times. However, Birtles claims:

> I know nothing at all about leaded petrol. The lead connection is way above my head. The lead thing is a white elephant.

Children are major customers of fast-food chains. They are also especially vulnerable to the effects of lead pollution (see *NS* 5 December).Shepherd's Bush Green is a key 'staging post'for children travelling to and from school. Six primary schools are within a short walk of the Green. In those areas of the country where the school meals service has been cut back, fast-food chains are attracting schoolchildren in at lunchtimes with special offers.

Mary Holland

Thatcher's eyes turn to Dublin

IN THE immediate aftermath of the meeting between Mr Haughey and Mrs Thatcher it was inevitable that the two prime ministers would put widely different interpretations on the importance of the occasion. Mr Haughey, talking to an Irish audience, greeted it as an historic breakthrough in Anglo-Irish relations, while Mrs Thatcher went to some pains to emphasise that it was a routine meeting with the government of an EEC partner.

Probably the most significant thing about the meeting was that Mrs Thatcher was prepared to take enough trouble to impress Irish public opinion that she took along a team which included Lord Carrington and Sir Geoffrey Howe. It is a very long time indeed since Dublin has got that kind of heavyweight attention and Mr Haughey has already been able to make considerable PR mileage out of it. What the study groups on matters of mutual interest, including new institutional structures to govern the relationship between Britain and Ireland, will mean in practice is still anybody's guess. They can't do any harm and may even do some good in forcing politicians on both sides of the Irish sea to concentrate their minds on what kind of an ultimate solution they want to the Irish problem.

But the meeting will have had no effect on the immediate crisis which faces both governments — the H-block hunger strike and the possible violence that could follow if any of the strikers dies. Here the British government has to decide whether it is prepared to make concessions, and with whom it will negotiate. At the moment the prisoners seem anxious to discuss a compromise on their five demands but are adamant that negotiations must be conducted with representatives drawn from within their own ranks; no outside negotiator will be acceptable.

Liz Howell reports on the controversial use of the Mental Health Act

Life for Simon?

SIMON MULLAR is an inmate at Moss Side secure hospital. He is 21 and may spend the rest of his life there. He shares a ward with five murderers and other inmates convicted of various violent crimes. But Simon is in Moss Side because three years ago, in anger, he broke a mug and an ashtray.

Simon is detained under the controversial section 65 of the Mental Health Act which confines a patient for life in a secure hospital unless the Home Secretary permits that person's release or transfer. This permission is usually conditional upon a decision by a Mental Health Review Tribunal to which a patient may apply only once every two years; around 60 per cent of Tribunal recommendations are anyway rejected by the Home Office. The operation of this system and its consequences was the subject of a recent Granada TV documentary drama *Life for Christine*, which told the story of a young woman also detained in Moss Side.

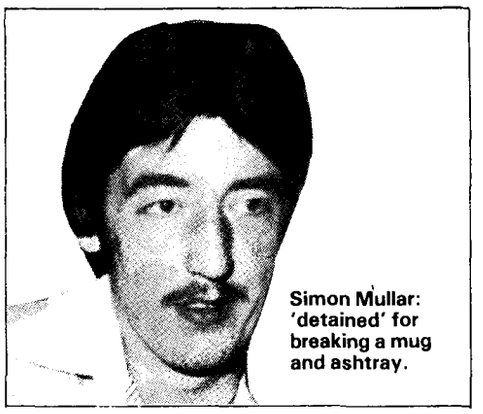
Simon Mullar has just heard that his appeal — made in March — has been rejected, despite the opinion of two Tribunal members, including his Moss Side psychiatrist, that he should be transferred to an ordinary psychiatric hospital.

It is generally accepted that as an adolescent Simon was mentally unstable, though never to the point where he was a danger to other people. When he was four, car crash injuries caused frontal lobe brain damage, and he subsequently attended a school for maladjusted children. Later he went to a high school near his parents' home but was sent to approved school after he was caught stealing. In 1973 Simon's parents paid privately for brain surgery and he moved to live with them in Blackpool. He continued to suffer medically-defined tantrums but nevertheless held down a job as a storeman. In 1975 he joined Community Service Volunteers, an organisation which has said it would happily re-employ him upon his release.

In 1977, while under the influence of drugs, he stole money from his parents, was arrested, absconded from police custody, and then after returning home smashed the mug and ashtray. He was charged with theft and damage to property, remanded to Risley and then in July 1978 sent to Moss Side under section 60 of the Mental Health Act. Like many people his parents believed this was a 'soft option' preferable to prison.

THESE INCIDENTS did not mark out Simon as a public danger or a psychopath according to Dr Moire O'Shea, a Birmingham psychiatrist. Simon, she says, feels affection and remorse, and is rational. She diagnosed a personality disorder, a view shared by other psychiatrists who have seen Simon. Dr O'Shea first examined Simon after he had written to MIND from Moss Side complaining he had received no therapy. She accepts his complaint that in 2½ years the only treatment he has had are pills for migraine.

At the tribunal in March Simon's Moss Side psychiatrist Dr Margaret Neill agreed, after hearing Dr O'Shea's report, that Simon's request for a transfer should be granted. The tribunal was adjourned and the chairman conceded to Simon's solicitor that a transfer to a suitable psychiatric hospital would go ahead when a place became available.



Simon Mullar: 'detained' for breaking a mug and ashtray.

Five months passed with no announcement of a decision and during this time Simon was removed from Dr Neill's care. He had asked to change wards but claims he has been moved to the so-called 'punishment ward'. Personal possessions have been taken from him, including a portable TV supplied by his family and his own copy of the Mental Health Act. When Simon finally wrote to the DHSS asking for another hearing the reply informed him his original appeal had been rejected. No reasons were given. In great desperation Simon slashed his wrists.

In the correspondence that followed between Simon's solicitor, at Manchester Law Centre, and the DHSS, a confusing tale unfolded. The DHSS suggested that Simon's relatives and advisers had been too optimistic and offered the puzzling comment:

> Mr Muller's application for transfer has not been turned down . . . a very different matter from saying it has been agreed to.

Yet the letter to Simon had unequivocally stated his appeal had been rejected. Dr O'Shea believes Simon has been a victim of the noticeable unwillingness of Moss Side administrators and psychiatrists to recommend patients for transfer. No explanation has been offered for the decision to detain Simon against the recommendations of two practising psychiatrists, nor has any explanation been given of who overruled their judgement.

Dr O'Shea's present concern is for Simon's deteriorating welfare. She fears he will suffer from the repressive environment at Moss Side. His parents agree. They visit their son every week but say pressure is being put on them to visit less often and to visit singly rather than together. They have to write a letter each week applying for permission to visit. Mrs Muller says:

> Sometimes we only get the reply the morning of the day we've applied to go and sometimes we're only allowed to stay with him for ten minutes. The individual staff are very nice but now they won't let Simon walk down the corridor to wave to us. They've even made us take back the tankard we gave Simon for his 21st birthday.

For the Mullars it is a personal nightmare, because *they* called the police after Simon stole money in 1977. They thought it might teach him a lesson. They had no idea what section 60 and then section 65 would really mean.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A secret plan for dictatorship

This weekend a group of British MPs will help launch another attempt to start an effective political party in Hong Kong; there is still no elected government and no organised political opposition in this fag-end of British imperialism. DUNCAN CAMPBELL reports here on the comprehensive but secret plans of the Hong Kong government — which is ultimately appointed by Westminster —to destabilise and discredit virtually every organisation which dares to criticise its running of the colony.

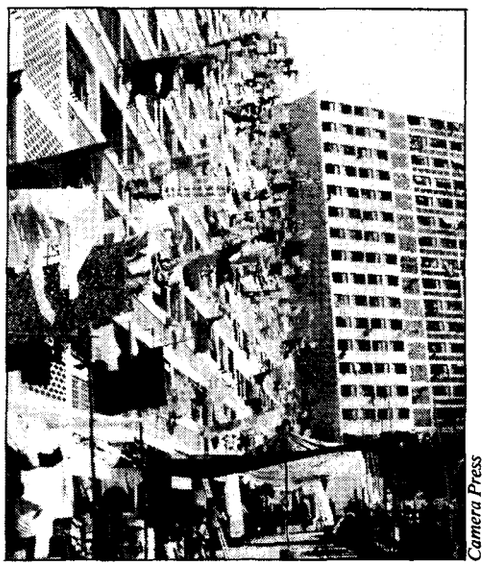
HONG KONG is a dictatorship; and scarcely a benevolent one. The British government appoints the Governor, who appoints the Legislative Council. Together they rule the colony, making its laws, levying its taxes and appointing its officials. About half of the Legislative Council are the heads of Government Departments, the rest are outside appointees. The vast majority represent local British and Chinese property, industrial and banking interests with token representation from a retired tram inspector, a priest and a social worker. The five million or so people who live in the colony have no votes in the appointment of these people. Some of the inhabitants, with appropriate property, professional or educational qualifications can vote for the Urban Council — which has powers that scarcely extend beyond street sweeping and parks management. But not much more than one in ten of the population have these qualifications and few bother to register, with even fewer bothering to vote. The candidate who tops this poll is not, nonetheless, appointed to the law-making Legislative Council.

For the Hong Kong government, however, this is not sufficient. The *New Statesman* has recently obtained a large quantity of secret Hong Kong government papers which describe a programme organised by a new and secret body called the Standing Committee On Pressure Groups (SCOPG), which has the job of co-ordinating government surveillance of any protest or campaigning group and of mounting counter-attacks. Specifically, SCOPG aims to undermine, co-opt or coerce any of eleven target groups, and others.

Most political opposition in Hong Kong does not express itself through conventional political parties for the simple reason that these are *de facto* illegal. By law all organisations and societies are obliged to register with the Registrar of Societies. This regulation is aimed at the Triad gangs but is an effective stop on most political activity: political organisations which have sought registration have been rejected without explanation and without right of appeal. (The new initiative to launch a political party thus involves registering the Association for Democracy in Hong Kong as a limited company.) It is, therefore, not too surprising that the SCOPG files sent to us manage to brand middle class conservationist groups as threats to the government.

Complete documentation about SCOPG's campaign — classified *Confidential* in red in English and Cantonese — has been provided to the *New Statesman* by a well-placed Hong Kong source. The files profile virtually every publicly active group in Hong Kong, with dossiers on key group members, their methods and activities. 'Continuous public criticism' which creates 'a cumulative effect damaging to government credibility' is noted with irritation. There is information about letters written to the few British MPs sympathetic to the opposition groups and details of these MPs' visits to the colony.

THE STAFF OF SCOPG consists of officials from Hong Kong's Home Affairs Department, Home Affairs Information Branch, Security Branch, the police Special Branch, and the Information Services Department. Its first chairman was Barrie Wiggham, who as head of the Home Affairs Information Branch was in charge of overt propaganda for the colony. But the most interesting appointment to SCOPG was that of former Lt Col Johnny Johnston, the Senior Assistant Director of the Information Services Department. Like many security officials in Hong Kong Colonel Johnston had spent a considerable period in Northern Ireland, where, at the Lisburn HQ, he was in charge of Psyops (Psychological Operations), a discipline specialising in black propaganda. In Hong Kong, as in Northern Ireland, Johnston was in charge of covert propaganda operations.



Camera Press

The squalor of government housing in Hong Kong. Each family gets a ten-foot-square cubicle in a high-rise block, unventilated, with communal water facilities and cooking in a hallway, and laundry suspended on a pole outside each family 8 'dwelling'.

Much of SCOPG's efforts are devoted to destabilising the efforts of a wide range of pressure groups whose activities, it is continually bemoaned, have damaged government 'credibility'. In the reports, for example, the Hong Kong bureaucrats take pride in the 'Government's achievements in the housing field', lamenting the 'reduction in the amount of goodwill and credit generated' caused by protesters. The grounds of such protest are, incidentally, the fact that the average government housing provision is 100 square feet for a family — a cubicle in a high rise block with communal water facilities and long staircases. From the colony's Christian Industrial Committee to the Hong Kong Conservancy Association and Heritage Societies, from the Professional Teachers Union to the Ecumenical Community Development Project, the secret SCOPG team have dissected and analysed the best ways of frustrating their efforts.

One particular provocation for setting up SCOPG, in February 1978, was the ongoing Golden Jubilee School affair. It was discovered that the Precious Blood Order of nuns who ran this school had been milking the school funds for the benefit of the Order. The school's teachers exposed this racket — which involved the headmistress — and were sacked. When their union protested, the school was closed but massive public demonstrations and public pressure co-ordinated by four education groups and unions forced the decision to be modified and the essential elements of the school were reconstituted elsewhere.

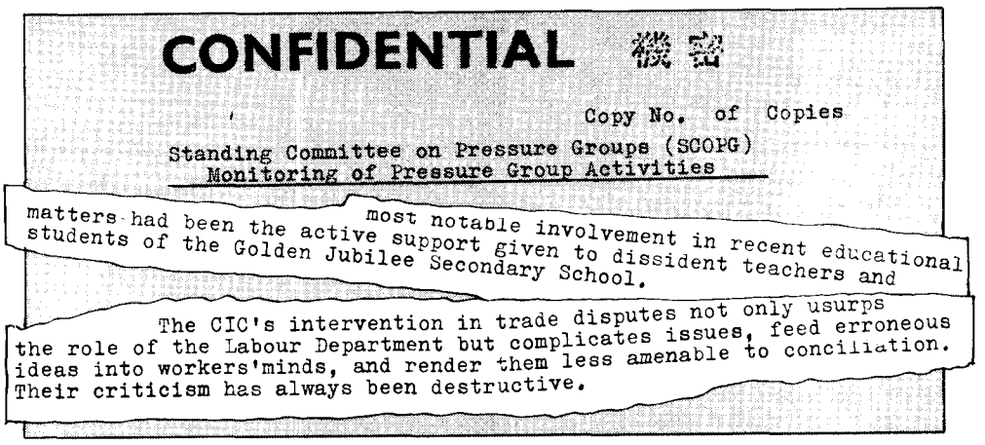
The education groups involved in this campaign appear on the SCOPG list, as do a community action group (the Society for Community Organisation), a Chinese middle class lobby which writes regular newspaper columns (Hong Kong Observers Ltd) and church backed industrial and commercial projects such as the 'Sau Mau Ping Young Workers' Centre'. Hong Kong specialists who have seen the list say that no important groups are excluded, save Hong Kong's legendary one-woman opposition, teacher and Urban Councillor Elsie Elliott, who always has been under heavy surveillance. When I and a *Daily Mirror* journalist met Mrs Elliott in a Hong Kong hotel earlier this year, our meeting was quite evidently under close surveillance by no less than four members of the Hong Kong police Special Branch, who paced in relay past our table in the hotel's coffee lounge.

LESS RESILIENT CAMPAIGNERS than Mrs Elliott face a different approach from SCOPG. The Heritage Society and the Conservancy Association, both middle class European environmental lobbies would not merit a place on any official problem list in Britain. In Hong Kong, however, the government makes much money by selling off a stream of tiny parcels of Crown land at enormous prices for development. Our SCOPG source explained:

> Property developers are well represented on the Legislative Council and are the most powerful of all pressure groups in Hong Kong . . . Because of the extreme shortage of land, rampant speculation and exorbitant rents, no parcel of land is considered to be immune from the bulldozer and development . . .
>
> There are hardly any old buildings left in Central District, or any buildings of artistic worth for that matter. An 'articulate' organisation such as the Heritage Society poses a threat to the development lobby, and the Government which consistently represents their views.

Even with these somewhat-less-than-radical organisations, the tinpot colonial administrators are bothered. The Conservancy Association has now been dealt with, however. The government's Environment Branch set up an Environmental Protection Committee (EPCOM) and noted smugly that this would 'accommodate Conservancy members' and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CONFIDENTIAL 機密

Copy No. of Copies

Standing Committee on Pressure Groups (SCOPG)
Monitoring of Pressure Group Activities

matters had been the active support given to dissident teachers and students of the Golden Jubilee Secondary School.

most notable involvement in recent educational

The CIC's intervention in trade disputes not only usurps the role of the Labour Department but complicates issues, feed erroneous ideas into workers'minds, and render them less amenable to conciliation. Their criticism has always been destructive.

Secrets of the Hong Kong anti-dissident committee; the Chinese script beside 'Confidential' reads *Ji Mi*, appropriately meaning 'nearly secret'; the Standing Committee on Pressure Groups (SCOPG) dossier runs to nearly 50 pages.

'pre-empt future criticisms'. But the Heritage Society, even though it was the most trifling flea on the government's back, was still a problem to ' "bring in" . . . to working committee level as an equivalent to EPCOM does not exist in this particular field'.

Another somewhat unusual pressure group had considerably bothered the Hong Kong government for some time by its regular and well-reasoned critical articles in the prestigious *South China Morning Post*. The *Hong Kong Observers Ltd* (again registered as a company to evade restrictions on political organisations) was a mysterious Chinese middle class grouping — sufficiently mysterious for the Special Branch to have made a determined — and obvious and unsuccessful — attempt to infiltrate.

A 1978 Special Branch report, quoted in the secret SCOPG dossiers provided to the *New Statesman*, bemoans the lack of success of their infiltrator because 'it is not likely that covert aims would be divulged . . . unless . . . members felt confident of the sympathy and confidentiality of the listener'. The infiltrator's lack of success, so clearly indicated by the Special Branch report, left the government snoopers for once confused about the motives of the organisation, and at a loss for suitable ways to shut them up:

> SCOPG considers the Hong Kong Observers one of the more difficult pressure groups to assess as there are still some uncertainties over the group's motives and objectives.
> . . . the HKO does not yet have a solid enough base to really be actually subversive.

And, anyway, this wasn't a terribly large flea on the hard-pressed government's back:

> Membership is small, only 51 at June 1978, to be exact.

Nevertheless, the unfathomable quality of this tiny lobby body had earned them second place on the SCOPG hit list.

THERE IS LITTLE doubt that these tactics against the only visible signs of opposition in a colony without a democratic political structure are taken seriously by the rulers there. The well-placed Hong Kong source who provided us with the documents said 'such thinking is given high credibility in the Government here.' And SCOPG is only part of a mesh of secret committees which supervise the political life of Hong Kong.

The largest arm of the security bureaucracy is the local Special Branch, whose strength is almost 20 per cent of the entire police force — an enormous army of snoopers, unparalleled even in other British colonies. However, their power is considerably greater than their British equivalents' as the Director of the Special Branch has a position comparable to the Director-General of Britain's MI5. Policy for this secret police force is determined by two further committees — the Governor's Security Committee, and the super-secret Local Intelligence Committee.

The LIC is the principal focus for the numerous British and American spooks with which Hong Kong abounds and whose absurdities were well described in Le Carre's *The Honourable Schoolboy*. The Political Adviser from the British Foreign Office sits at the head of the table with the bosses of Hong Kong security. (To meet the usual diplomatic customs this British Office official is in fact responsible for all dealings with the Chinese People's Republic — whose representative, equally absurdly, is not an accredited diplomat but in fact head of the local branch of the New China News Agency.)

Other members of LIC include the Commissioner of police, the Director of the Special Branch and representatives of MI5, MI6 and other bits of British intelligence. MI6 is disguised as the 'Study Group' in British Forces HQ; its Head is their station chief Barry Gane; his equivalent from MI5 is commonly and happily known as the 'Security Liaison Officer. More powerful than these two is Government Communications Officer Terry Nelson, who is in charge of Britain's GCHQ signals intelligence monitoring station at Little Sai Wan (see *NS* 16 and 23 July 1980). Finally there is Lt Col Harry Sloane, head of Joint Services Intelligence Staff, whose department has recently been racked by its own corruption scandal; his staff were selling off, at a substantial price, passes for admission to Hong Kong to illegal immigrants who would otherwise have been sent back north.

THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC of China are considerably to blame for Hong Kong's lack of democracy. As one local security official explained, much of the repressive effort expended by the colonial government is intended to appease 'Big Brother to the North'. Officially, Hong Kong is regarded by China as part of Guangdong province 'temporarily under foreign rule'. And the Chinese have made their views of a popular democracy quite clear; the source most often quoted by Hong Kong and Foreign Office officals is a letter written by the Chinese Ambassador to the United Nations to the UN Decolonisation

Contd on p.12

Technology and employment in industry:

A case study approach

Edited by A. Bhalla. Foreword by A. Sen
2nd revised and enlarged edition, 1980

The case studies are preceded by a penetrating review of some of the conceptual and measurement issues relevant to the problems of technological choice. '. . . coherently organised, and its findings clearly presented . . . deserves the most careful study by students, teachers, advisers and governments'.
(Journal of Development Studies)
ISBN 92-2-102469-5 (hard cover) £11.25
ISBN 92-2-102466-0 (limp cover) £9.40

Employment: Outlook and insights

A collection of essays on industrialised market-economy countries

Edited by David Freedman

Examining the factors contributing to high unemployment in these countries and the reasons why policy responses have been inadequate to meet the challenge, these essays go on to propose new objectives and approaches that may be adopted in order to deal now and in the future with the structural problems that influence the way we work and live.
ISBN 92-2-102156-4 (hard cover) £7.50
ISBN 92-2-102155-6 (limp cover) £5.00

Employment and basic needs in Portugal

This study examines the Portuguese medium-term plan for 1977-80, and particularly the novel feature of this plan which was the setting of specific objectives in such fields as nutrition, housing, health and such basic non-material needs as education and positive participation in the shaping of the people's destiny.
ISBN 92-2-102201-1 (hard cover) £10.00
ISBN 92-2-102203-X (limp cover) £7.50

Work and family life:

The role of the social infrastructure in Eastern European countries

Society has everything to gain from enabling women to serve the national economy without detriment to their social functions, and from making use of the training invested in them. This book surveys the position of working women in 5 Eastern European countries where both economic and ideological factors have highlighted the importance of the right sort of social infrastructure in bringing about equality of opportunity and treatment in employment.
ISBN 92-2-102167-X £3.75

Young people in their working environment

This book will be of particular interest to those concerned with the problems related to the conditions of work of young workers. It takes into consideration young people's attitudes and reactions towards working life, as well as trade union action.
ISBN 92-2-101710-9 £3.15

Children at work

Edited by Elias Mendelievich

There are at least 52 million child workers less than 15 years old in the world today, of whom more than 50 million are in the developing countries of the Third World. The aim of this book is to look into this problem, to analyse the causes and to put forward possible solutions.
ISBN 92-2-102165-3 (hard cover) £8.15
ISBN 92-2-102072-X (limp cover) £5.65

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE

London Branch Office
96/98 Marsham Street
London SW1P 4LY.
Tel: 01-828 6401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Facing up to new technology

The advent of new technology is making the unions in the Post Office much more politicised. PATRICK WINTOUR reports.

IF THINGS GO on as they are the Postal service will make a loss of £60 million next year instead of the £40 million profit demanded by the government. This is both despite the big price increases in postal charges due to be made next year and planned cuts in service and also because of these: the complex inter-action of economic forces makes it remarkably easy for the Post Office to get into a spiral of decline, offsetting losses by increased prices and reduced costs, which themselves reduce demand further.

This forecast has been made by the Post Office Users National Council which has seen the confidential detailed financial forecasts produced by the Post Office. The key phrase, of course, is 'if things go as they are': the Post Office management intend to try and achieve the £100 million turn-round needed to keep the government targets. But even they admit that their plan is a " 'high risk' strategy". It involves a programme aimed at increasing sales and reducing costs. It is risky because demand is very sensitive to growth of the national economy, the Post Office are relatively inexperienced in marketing and reducing costs will involve forcing through new technology.

But it is clear from the confidential *Postal Business Plan* 1980-90, which the *New Statesman* has obtained, that the cost of failure to secure union co-operation will be high:

> slow reaction to change will have disastrous effects on prices and service and would result in early and serious decline in profitability, particularly in the letter service which is the mainstay of the business.

The Plan shows that the Post Office now think it more likely than not that they will have to introduce one delivery in most areas and concentrate their efforts increasingly on bulk business mail. But the Plan, despite its references to the threat posed by electronic forms of communication, seems to underplay the impact of new technology on jobs. Their 'middle line' forecast suggests that the number of postmen — i.e. excluding some senior staff — will fall by the equivalent of 20,000 to 125,500 in 1985. The real reduction in postmen will be smaller by reducing overtime. This forecast, which assumes no overall fall in demand — requires 'a fairly radical change in the general culture of the business' — which, the detail makes clear, refers to changes in the way postmen work.

With Post Office management developing a more strategic industrial relations policy the main union — the Union of Communication Workers — will need to be well equipped to deal with the long term pressure to accept staff cuts. Next week, the union's executive begins to draw up their response to job losses and new technology. The union's 1000 branches have already been canvassed by Alan Tuffin, the union's deputy general secretary. Left-wingers say he has rejected their demands that there should be a complete ban on new technology until a comprehensive deal is extracted from the Post Office. The executive are likely to ask instead next week for top level committees in posts and telecomms to monitor new technology; a revision of their redundancy payments and a three hour reduction in their working week in return for co-operation over new technology. It is not likely that lead-in payments will be asked for.

The cause of rank and file concern is a report commissioned by the union from the Science Policy Research Unit at Sussex University. This predicted a loss of 40,000 UCW jobs in the 1980s and revealed that the Post Office management had probably been misleading the unions about their own expectations of job loss. For example, the Post Office really believed that electronic mail will take away 25 per cent of letter mail, rather than the 12 per cent quoted to the union.

Publicly, the UCW said that they thought the Post Office could prevent much of the job loss by finding new markets and even getting into electronic mail. Privately, they are worried. The Monopolies Commission investigation into the London Postal service and the erosion of the Post Office's monopoly have unnerved them. Internally, they are being challenged by a newly-formed Broad Left grouping in the union, which intends to draw on the experience of their immensely successful sister organisation in the Post Office Engineering Union, the main union in British Telecommunications.

Operating the latest postcoding desk at Mount Pleasant

Already, in the past few months, Post Office management have been able to negotiate locally productivity deals, cutting back overtime. The Plan makes it clear that they want to increase the amount of part-time and casual labour considerably, increasing productivity 'by 10-20 per cent generally and up to 30 per cent in some places.' The Plan, written some months ago before the 'high risk' strategy was adopted, admits many management objectives will be opposed.

But even in the Plan there was an urgency about the need to introduce new technology. Optical Character Recognition — an automatic form of sorting — is to have a prototype installed by mid-1982, with a full manufacturing programme for OCRs getting under way in 1984/5.

The SPRU report — forecasting that a quarter of the UCW's membership would be eliminated by new technology — embarrassed the union's leadership. First, they took eight months to publish the report, partly because they thought it unoriginal and dated and partly under pressure from the Post Office management who said:

> it would stir up groundless fears among individual UCW members about the security of their future employment and totally unjustified misgivings about management's unwillingness to share its knowledge with the UCW.

The union leadership also did not discuss the report in any detail with its authors. When they finally published their critical commentary on SPRU's work, in September this year, each branch received only one copy of the report and twelve copies of the union's answer (which included the Post Office's own response): some branches have 6000 members. Branches had less than two months in which to read, digest and discuss the report even though they were also busy at this time with discussion on the union's own rules revision conference. The number of branch submissions was minimal.

THIS RESPONSE could hardly contrast more sharply with what has been going on in the POEU. They held 70 special regional meetings to discuss their main internal report on new technology, followed by a special one day conference on modernisation, leading to a comprehensive job security agreement with the Post Office and the establishment of a permanent sub-committee on modernisation.

Much of the impetus behind this campaign came from the Broad Left in the union — a loose grouping of various activists from Left Labour to Trotskyists. Its 13-strong Steering Committee has organised a campaign of continual agitation within the union by organising conferences, publishing a regular paper and lengthy policy documents. Much of its strength has derived from concentrating less on becoming a vote-gathering machine and more on campaigning for a more open discussion of policy and politics in the union.

They have, however, succeeded in gathering votes. Originally, when they formed in 1978 out of frustration with the right wing executive's slow pedalling on the long industrial action for a 35 hour week — the Broad Left could only claim 4 of the 23 strong executive; now they have 9 and hope for a majority at next year's conference.

At last year's rules revision conference the Broad Left were behind a series of proposals to increase democracy and particularly the spread of information in the union. They succeeded in getting Head Office to print and circulate the union's report and accounts 10 weeks before conference so that branches could send in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motions after reading the report. They succeeded in their demand that candidates for the executive should be allowed to submit statements on union policy for publication in the union journal before conference. Both these proposals were opposed by the executive, the second on the grounds of cost and, less familiarly, that it would lead to US style elections with 'hullabaloo, dancing girls and banners'.

The Broad Left also won victories on publication of branch votes on the election of the union executive and delegations; on the appointment of a standing orders committee from the floor of the conference, instead of by the executive; and on the right of branches to put motions to special conferences, instead of just having to accept or reject the executive motions.

Taken together these reforms represented a significant change in the structure of the union and are clear evidence that the left in the unions, organised, open and committed to a genuine spreading of power can command support across a widespread spectrum. It also shows they are not without a certain laconic sense of humour and populism lacking, say, in the crumbling AUEW Broad Left.

For instance in their attacks upon the subsequently improved union journal, they said that its eschewal of controversy meant

> currently it could be read safely in doctor's surgeries and by staid middle class old ladies without any fear whatsoever of raising their pulse by a single beat.

Similarly, the rank and file members of the union's delegation to the Labour party conference attacked the dullness of the union's official report to branches on what happened at the 1979 conference. After castigating the report for dishonestly obscuring the fact that there was dissension and division within the union over Labour party issues, it went on to say:

> There should also be an explanation as to why it was necessary at a joint POEU/UCW dinner involving leading Labour Party members (a) to spend so much on drink, (b) have gold embossed menus especially done for the function which can only be used once and were useless because there was only one choice anyway, (c) have a band (including four violinists playing chamber music throughout the dinner) (d) have a toast master (in full regalia) for no apparent reason than toasting the Queen.

The Broad Left's advance has not, however, been unimpeded. The semi-secret right wing POEU faction — the Bloc — which has run the union since the fifties — is now beginning to reorganise but still refuses to debate issues with the Left. In September POEU general secretary Bryan Stanley wrote to all branches of the union saying that a Broad Left's plan to have its own constitution would be in breach of union rules. Some members of the executive were for expelling the culprits.

The executive's argument was the Broad Left constituted 'a union within a union, which could challenge the authority of the democratic decisions of conference'. In fact the ten paragraph constitution went little further than establishing a magazine and formalising the ad-hoc committee, but the Broad Left have dropped the idea.

But in the UCW the Broad Left are just starting to organise. Internationally, rapid technological change has tended to help the advance of the rank and file in the unions. This, combined with both unions' leadership's current paralysis at the break-up of the monopoly, is certainly helping the Left.

How to win friends for only £3

Give NS Gift Subscriptions at less than half price

Gift subscriptions start with our double Christmas issue which arrives with a greetings card sent on your behalf, and run for another three months. Each subscription costs just £3 in the UK and £6 (US$14.50) by airmail overseas.

The thoughtful Christmas present

Payment may be made by Sterling or dollar cheque or by International Money Order.

Recipients of Gift Subscriptions should not already be regular readers of the NEW STATESMAN.

Please let us know if you would like an acknowledgement yourself.

To NEW STATESMAN, *Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ*

I would like to order..... Gift Subscriptions and enclose my remittance for £.....

(Please type or use block letters. If you don't want to cut your copy, or there is not enough space, addresses may be written on a separate sheet of paper.)

DONOR'S NAME AND ADDRESS

.....

.....

Gift Subscriptions to be addressed to:

1 ..... *3* .....

....

....

....

2 ..... *4* .....

....

....

....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPINION

The criminal mind

C. H. ROLPH needs no introduction to *NS* readers. Here he suggests that to prevent crime we must begin a different kind of research into its causes.

'ALMOST EVERYONE has a criminal lurking inside him ready to spring out,' said Dr Ronald Clarke of the Home Office Research Unit to the British Psychological Society's meeting at Nottingham last year. I believe this to be true, though mine has now been quiescent for some years. But why should any sane man want to murder, at longish intervals, 13 defenceless young women, all of them unknown to him? You and I can understand, perhaps, the usual kind of murder, even if we regard it with revulsion. It will have some kind of brutal or desperate logic about it, plus the killer's belief (usually unsound) that he will escape detection.

Although the Yorkshire Ripper may not be sane by popular standards, the police have to credit him with a brain, a consistency of motive, and the capacity to work out a behaviour pattern and stick to it. He has to be sane enough to be artful. He leaves some kind of trademark at the scene of all his killings. The police know what this is and we don't. They have allowed us to know that more than half of his victims have been prostitutes, which may mean no more than that prostitutes always live dangerously. We can assume that the killer might have supposed, wrongly, that even the non-prostitutes were in fact prostitutes and thus eligible for some bizarre anti-prostitute campaign of vengeance or elimination. It has all happened before.

In the London area it last happened in 1967/9. The killer was never caught. The late Dr Peter Scott, who was a much respected forensic psychiatrist, told me at the time: 'I have an uneasy feeling that all this is the work of So-and-so,' naming an ex-mental patient well known to both of us. In fact he was well known to a great number of people, and today is completely stable and holding an important public position. Even at that time I would have said he was completely harmless. I was deeply shocked, for it allowed me to see, pitting my own empirical judgment against Peter Scott's, that for once he didn't know what he was talking about.

THE POLICE believe (to judge by some of their public statements) that they are looking for a 'psychopath'. What's that? The dictionaries don't seem to know, and the word has been loosely used since it was coined about a century ago. I once wrote a London Diary note for Kingsley Martin suggesting that certain kinds of potential offenders should be regularly seen by psychiatrists, and he altered psychiatrists to psychopaths, no doubt equating them with osteopaths and seeing them as some kind of cerebral bone-setters. 'Psychopath,' today, has come to mean a mentally deranged person 'to whom nothing is sacred but his own person and his own interests'. That fits a lot of people?

And yet in 1890, says the *Oxford English Dictionary*, a psychopath was 'a being whom Russian laws refused to punish even for murder.' He is today a chronic, incurable nut-case, unaware of his condition, not suffering in any way because of it (until he's caught), and so normal in his general demeanour that if he did no wrong his mental health would never be questioned. This is what the Yorkshire Ripper may be. What he almost certainly is not is a 'split personality', a schizophrenic. That terrible disease, spoiling the lives of thousands of families, produces mainly harmless and pathetic sufferers and is being treated with rapidly growing success.

Many psychiatrists, and most laymen who think about the problem, believe that an 'aggressive psychopath' (one of several kinds) is merely a person who 'exhibits normal characteristics in an extreme degree'. In other words, we all lose our patience and our tempers, but the aggressive psychopath does it in a big way, sometimes a horrifying way. Yet though he may be mad, the doctors can't really see how. He may be in Broadmoor, Rampton or Moss Side entirely because of what he has done, not because of what made him do it, and because no one can know when he is 'cured' he may be experimentally let out and do the same thing again.

THIS WAS THOUGHT to be the condition of the 'Boston Strangler', Albert de Salvo, who in 1962/4 killed 13 women (at least) and assaulted hundreds of others in and around Boston, Massachusetts. He confessed his crimes in 1973 in a hospital for the criminally insane, where he happened to be detained for armed robbery and sex offences involving four more women. 'It's something inside you,' he told his attorney. 'I feel it started from my childhood and erupted more violently during the later stages'. (His childhood was a violent one.) He was never tried for any murders because there was never enough evidence, and on 26 November 1973 he was found stabbed to death in his prison cell at Walpole, Massachusetts.

No one suggested in 1931 at the trial of Peter Kurten, the 'Düsseldorf Vampire', that he was mad, though he had atrociously killed a large number of women and little girls (drinking their blood), committed many burglaries, and — he said — got sexual gratification from setting fire to buildings and mingling with the crowds to watch them burn down. After his execution at Cologne, for nine murders and seven attempted murders, he was considered to provide good material for psychiatric study, but that was a bit late, and he remains unclassified except, emotively, as a 'monster'. His neighbours, by the way, knew him only as a sedate, modest man with *possibly* an occasional girlfriend outside his marriage. Modern psychiatry could perhaps have learned a lot from him too, but you can't put a man to death *and* have him for medico-legal research.

Much the same can be said about the Frenchman Désiré Landru, alias Georges Cuchet, who by the time he was caught in 1922 had murdered more than 300 women (I quote from French police records). Except for the numbers, he was a run-of-the-mill charmer, seducer and swindler, trapping lonely and gullible women by matrimonial advertisement. He got rid of their bodies in his kitchen stove. No one suggested he was mad, and once he was guillotined there was no way of finding out. If he wasn't, what kind of a life would his conscience have allowed him, if conscience is the ability to tell right from wrong? Should we not face the possibility that some men, such men as these, may just simply be thoroughly evil? That their conduct no more calls for explanation or rationalisation than that of someone who is thoroughly good? No one has ever mounted a research programme to find out why people abstain from murder, rape, burglary, or even shoplifting. It might turn up some interesting material.

When we imported from Scotland, in 1957, the legal notion of 'diminished responsibility', for use in murder cases only, there was much more discussion in open court about 'the mind of the murderer'. It increased the murderer's chances of staying alive when we were still hanging murderers. After 1964, when we stopped, there was less concern about their minds because most of them prefer prison to Broadmoor. Now that there are more than 200 murderers serving life sentences, hasn't the time come to study them *and* study a broadly comparable selection of non-murderers who might have been expected to murder, to see what differences emerge? We might then, finally, be doing something to ensure that these thirteen girls have not met their lonely Yorkshire deaths in vain.

Colonialism

Contd from p.9

Committee. This states that the 'introduction of any element of self-rule in Hong Kong' (meaning democracy or a meaningful franchise) would be construed by the Chinese government as an 'unfriendly act'; diplomatically tantamount to opening hostilities.

According to well placed officials who have spoken to the *New Statesman*, Hong Kong is prohibited by an axis between Whitehall and Peking from any extension of democracy. The Security Branch of the Hong Kong government maintains Top Secret files which discuss the finer points of introducing greater democracy in various areas of the administration; a large part of their contents is taken up with the problems of Chinese government reaction. 'We don't want three Chinas' is a common watchcry. One official acknowledged that 'the limitations of democracy are accepted by the British Government under pressure from Peking'.

Left wing activity is particularly disliked by Peking; this was so even under Mao. A demonstration by students outside the New China News Agency office which the police did not put down had the Director of the Agency round to see the colonial governor Sir Murray MacLehose, the same night.

MacLehose is one of Hong Kong's big problems. Although his rule put an end to a succession of graft-takers, he has now ruled for nine years — turning, in effect, autocracy into dictatorship. As former Peking *Chargé d'Affaires* his Chinese links are close, and Hong Kong is imperceptibly becoming part of the People's Republic. One of the more extraordinary moments for Hong Kong spooks occurred two years ago when the Head of the JSIS unveiled new spy aircraft photographs showing that Chinese coastal defences had been re-aligned to protect Hong Kong's approaches, instead of defending China from them. Peking is biding its time. And the time to give Hong Kong and its citizens any freedom and civil rights is — accordingly — running out.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ The British government's insistence that the Republican prisoners are 'criminals', 'convicted terrorists', etc., reminds one that not so long ago pliant newsreaders on BBC and ITN as well as tame leader-writers in Fleet Street were using the same words to describe the present Prime Minister and three-quarters of the Cabinet in Zimbabwe. But the hunger strike brings back other memories. It is a forceful reminder of the elements of continuity present in one political tradition and the discontinuity of another. In 1920 there were three separate hunger strikes by Irish political prisoners against the imperial British state. Two of them, including hunger strikes by 60 prisoners in Dublin and 120 in Wormwood Scrubs, were successful. The third ended in tragedy. It concerned Terence McSweeney, then Lord Mayor of Cork, who was arrested, transferred to Brixton prison and brought before a military court. He then went on hunger strike. Seventy-three days later he died, thus extending the list of Irish martyrs.

The Republican men in H-Block and the women in Armagh Jail undoubtedly identify with the tradition of 1920. But there was another side to the story. In all three cases there was a concerted attempt in Britain to compel a retreat by the Government. A Liberal MP called William Wedgewood Benn, who later joined the Labour Party, repeatedly and obstinately raised the matter in the House of Commons, challenging the legal basis of the arrests. As McSweeney's hunger strike began Bill Benn was joined by the leaders of British Labour. The following telegram was despatched to the Prime Minister:

> The whole of organised British Labour asks you to reconsider the Govt's decision to allow the Lord Mayor of Cork to die rather than release him. His suffering greater than lengthy imprisonment. His death will make Irish solution more remote. Appeal to you to do the big thing.

It was signed by the Chairman and Secretary of the PLP and the chairman of the Labour Party, as well as by J H Thomas and Arthur Henderson. A few days later a fresh appeal was launched by the well-known terrorists, George Lansbury and Ernie Bevin. It is this tradition which has ignominiously died, a sacrifice on the altar of successive Labour governments.

☐ The *Third World Quarterly* is considered to be (though not by myself) one of the more prestigious publications churned out by the Third World Foundation, backed by the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. Unsurprisingly its Chief Editor is the Foundation's boss, Altaf Gauhar. The current issue is concentrated on the Brandt Report and contains a defence by Olaf Palme as well as two critical articles by Dudley Seers and Andre Gunder Frank. Seers is a distinguished development economist and was until recently Director of the Institute of Development Studies in Sussex. His article ('North-South: Muddling Morality and Mutuality') was altered without his approval. In a lengthy letter to Gauhar dated 28 October, Seers commented:

> It is true that the changes made for my article were not of great substance, but a few sharp criticisms were taken out, slightly 'toning down' the argument. My paper was, in fact, mildly censored.

He demanded a public apology or a statement from *TWQ* to the effect that they reserved the right to censor articles and ended the missive with the following words:

> Frankly if you're not prepared to print either of these statements in your next issue, I can and will see that the development profession is aware of your editorial practices so that those submitting material are forewarned. In fact, this knowledge, seems to be getting round already.

I have learnt that one of the deletions contained an unfriendly reference to Colonel Mobutu of Zaire. It would appear that the Foundation's penchant for military dictators knows no bounds. Meanwhile I anxiously await the next issue of *TWQ* to see whether or not the dispute with Dudley Seers has been satisfactorily resolved.

☐ I was in Birmingham last Sunday to attend the annual conference of the newly-formed Pakistani Workers Association. The principal speaker was Ms Anwar Ditta, a 26-year-old woman machinist from Rochdale who is still fighting the Home Office for her three children aged ten, eight and seven to be allowed to join her in this country (first report in NS 9 May 1980). After Anwar explained her plight the PWA unanimously elected her their honorary President for 1981. Anwar Ditta told me that her local MP (Cyril Smith, Liberal) refused to help and one of his acolytes had told her: 'Why don't you go back where you came from?' Her case has now been taken up by Joel Barnett MP and on 17 December he will be meeting Whitelaw and Raison for a last plea. Ditta's case is unanswerable and has been conceded by the Inland Revenue and the Rochdale Area Health Authority. Both admit that she is the mother of the three stranded children. Only the Home Office continues to procrastinate, for to give in would mean letting in three young black children who will grow up in this country. Help of all kinds is badly needed and the Anwar Ditta Defence Committee can be contacted c/o 127 Crawford St., Rochdale (Tel: 39832).

☐ I was so irritated by the book choices contained in last week's *Observer* and *Sunday Times* that I have compiled my own list of the seven most important books of the year. Not for me the necrophiliac cults beloved of some literary editors or the elevation of stale and spiteful gossip into an art form. Readers will not be surprised either to learn that most of my favourite books of 1980 are published by houses ignored by the bulk of Fleet Street's literary mafia. So here goes: (1) *Protest and Survive,* edited by E.P. Thompson and Dan Smith, Penguin Special; (2) *Arguments Within English Marxism* by Perry Anderson, Verso; (3) *The Destruction of Nature in the Soviet Union* by Boris Komarov, Pluto; (4) *Vida* by Marge Piercy, Women's Press; (5) *The Great British Economic Disaster* by John Harrison, Pluto; (6) *Art and Psychoanalysis* by Peter Fuller, Writers and Readers Co-operative; (7) *Problems in Materialism and Culture* by Raymond Williams, Verso. Happy reading.

☐ The next time Harold Wilson is persuaded by the media to attack the left-wing of his own party and state that clenched fists remind him of fascism (so that's what Attlee was doing in Spain in the Thirties), his interviewers should forgo sycophancy and question him about some of his ennoblements. Lord Kagan is currently on trial in Leeds for fraud and another Wilson peer, Lord Vaizey, recently told us why he had left the Labour Party. Labour was 'slavishly subservient' to the unions: 'the hospitals seemed to be run for the benefit of Trotskyite porters. This was socialism at work.' And then came the ugly, elitist, but by now familiar reference to Labour's ranks being swelled by 'bombastic polytechnic lecturers regurgitating inaccurately the half-baked ideas of sentimental Marxists . . .' So Vaizey became a Thatcherite and told us 'that they seem to be a fairly honest lot.' Now why is it that Wilson, Callaghan or the 'Gang of Three' and their friends never concentrate their fire on the Vaizeys of this world?

☐ It is a pity that John Lennon's last musical offering was also probably one of his worst. To pretend otherwise would be to do him a grave disservice. Lennon will be remembered not only as one of Britain's most talented musicians, but also because he exhibited a self-confidence and an intelligent aggression which was designed to encourage others like him to do the same. He never attempted to conceal his Irish or working-class origins. Two of his songs ('A Working-class Hero' and 'The Luck of the Irish') expressed this most clearly. He was implacably hostile to the United States presence in Indochina, railed against the grovelling support given to it by the Labour government and returned his MBE in protest; he sympathised with the struggle of Irish Republicanism; in his later years and under the influence of Yoko Ono he became extremely aware of the nature of women's oppression ('Woman is the nigger of the world'). These are facts which will be underplayed or ignored, but only at the cost of distorting the total image of the man. All one can hope is that this death will force those normally complacent to contemplate the deranged values of a society which produces mindless assassins with such depressing regularity.

Tariq Ali

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire, is a self-contained scientific and engineering organisation engaged in the development of advanced nuclear applications for both defence and civil purposes. The Establishment has a reputation for innovation and elegance, and offers an environment highly conducive to progress. — Ad in *New Scientist* (Bill Hall)

☐ The llamas turned out to be the undoubted draw of the day, with one going to a local solicitor for £105. 'I've wanted one for about five years,' he said, adding: 'I once had a neighbour I didn't like much and I always wanted a llama in the back garden which I could train to spit at him over the fence.' — *Guardian* (A.B. Knight)

☐ Teenagers should make industrialists their heroes, a government minister said today. They ought to idolise Sir Michael Edwardes, Lord Sieff and Lord Weinstock as well as football stars or pop singers. — *New Standard* (Roderick Clyne)

☐ A man in pink pyjamas who tried to elude policemen by hiding in an Ormskirk restaurant only highlighted the problems caused by pedestrianisation, the restaurant owners said afterwards. If the town centre had not been traffic-free, said Mrs Dorothy Fisher, then the man would not have found it so easy to hide. — *Ormskirk Advertiser* (Roger Curtis)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Race, sex & class in children's books

As our series on writing for children is now nearing its end we are using this week's letters page to print a selection of readers' views on the subject. Normal general letters service will be resumed next week.

From Chris Dunkley
It appears that Rosemary Stones would like to see authors abandoning the familiar old assumptions, such as 'Patriarchy — good! and 'white skin — good!'; an admirable enough attitude.

Then she says with pride that at the bookshop where she works black parents now go in and 'ask confidently to see the black children's books' and she writes favourably about a book which shows Boudicca 'to be the queen of a matriarchal tribe that nearly succeeded in overthrowing the Romans'. Unless she would welcome white parents asking to see 'the white children's books' and approve of stories promoting patriarchy, then I don't see how her ideas are in any way superior to those she attacks.

It is one thing to oppose the dominion of any sex over any other and to campaign against any discrimination according to skin pigment, but quite another to argue for the replacement of one set of discriminatory attitudes with another. Does she really believe that assumptions such as 'matriarchy — good!' and 'black skin — good!' are somehow morally superior to the old lot?
38 Leverton Street, London NW5

From Rosemary Stones, Co-Editor, Children's Book Bulletin
Jill Paton Walsh's pathological need to put the boot into social criticism has led her in her discussion of my article on *Ethnic Minority Presentation in Children's Books* (due out spring 1981) to omit the facts that do not fit her case and to wilfully distort the evidence.

She claims, for instance, that racist abuse in *Wilkins Tooth has* a context because it is uttered 'only by a detestable bullying child'. This is simply not true (abuse is also uttered by an adult character) but, more important than her fudging of the facts is her inability to grasp that when the black character's reactions to racist abuse are not developed, this is a failure precisely 'in fictional terms'.

Jill Paton Walsh likes *Here are the Brick Street Boys* because all the multi-ethnic children are 'depicted in the same style'. She 'forgets' to inform *NS* readers of the cannibal cooking-pot scene — perhaps she thinks that 'multi-ethnic' racist jokes represent progress. My discussion of Paula Fox's fine novel *The Slave Dancer* is a comment on its ways and on its time, not a condemnation. Social criticism is interested in what is and what could be, not what 'should' be.

Guidelines are not a problem for the children's book world who (with the exception of Jill Paton Walsh and her friends) are persons of good sense and good will who will, or will not, use the insights afforded by guidelines as appropriate. Jill Paton Walsh gets in her fear of 'blacklisting' without being able to cite a single actual example. Easy scaremongering of this kind cannot, however, deter open debate on these crucial issues.
4 Aldebert Terrace, London SW8

From Elaine Moss
I have no intention of becoming the target for crossfire from both sides in the 'sanitisation of children's books' battle currently being fought in your columns. But may I direct those of your readers who might have missed it to Eric Heffer's perceptive article in *The Times* (17 November 1980) on 'The Socialists who Did Not Write to Order'. In it he says: 'Today socialists have before them the experience of the Soviet Union and other communist states, and it is surely clear that the curtailment of freedom of art which exists in those countries has to be avoided. One cannot have a flowering of the human spirit if it is in chains, organised and regimented by the state.'
3 The Mount, Heath Street, London NW3

From Jan Needle
Although I seem to read my name in the *NS* every time I pick it up these days (and jolly good too; thanks!), it's as a journalist not as a children's writer that I'm writing to comment on the ham-fisted and/or dishonest decision to undermine Jill Paton Walsh's article by doing for her in the illustrations you chose exactly what she finds worrying about the 'new' criticism — i.e. 'scrabbling through [books] . . . to quote out of [fictional] context'.

I suspect that this indicates that the *NS* is in fact not as serious as it claims about conducting a genuine *debate* on what probably actually is a crucial issue. You did a similar undermining job, of course, on Rosemary Stones's viewpoint. Why not let the protagonists fight it out without the unfair trivialisation of second-rate journalism?
4 Springbank, Uppermill, Nr Oldham, Lancs

From Ken Worpole
In the 1950s and 1960s, when feminism and anti-racism were not such active intellectual traditions as they are today, writers for children were 'free' to write whatever they wanted. No 'guidelines' hampered them. What kind of books did they write? For the most part parochial, sentimental, unimaginative rubbish. Children's literature was the 'easy' market in which anything went.

In the 1970s, however, with the active interest in children's literature by feminists and committed teachers, writers were encouraged to stop and think before they set their wooden characters marching round their toytown plots. As a result, in what is now considered to be a new 'golden age' of children's literature, fiction for young people has become much more complex and imaginative. Magazines like the *Children's Book Bulletin* are to be congratulated for the part they have played in this. Would that the adult literary market were subject to such serious critical tradition.
76 Carysfort Road, London N16

From Ann Harries
I wonder if David Caute could throw some light on the following racist conundrum. My children's novel *The Sound of Gora* (Heineman) dealing with the early history of apartheid in South Africa was published earlier this year. It was instantly condemned by two minority groups with an interest in racism: one was the South African government, who banned it within a few days; the other was Rosemary Stones's *Children's Book Bulletin,* who, I suspect, would have liked to have done the same. Neither group approved of my treatment of the South African Black person.

Children's Book Bulletin expressed outrage about my use of the term 'Bushman'. Had I used the 'San' nomenclature they deemed appropriate (a piece of anthropological affectation I had long ago decided against), the '*san*itised vision' of which Mr Caute spoke would surely have reached its apotheosis.
45 Brookwood Road, London SW18

From Janie Whyld
As one of the EOC-nominated representatives on the Working Party on Sex Stereotyping, it is perhaps not surprising that I think David Caute's article was rubbish. As he pointed out, there are 13 on the working party, six nominated by the EOC and six by the EPC who chose to share their places between publishers and authors (the 13th member is our chairperson, the director of the EPC). At our last meeting it was suggested that a person concerned with artwork should be co-opted, thus increasing the publishers' side, if you want to think in those terms.

Equally nonsensical is the allegation that 'the EOC's six nominees are pressing the radical case'. Several of the EOC reps had not met each other before, we were given no brief apart from the terms of reference of the working party and, in many cases, we disagree on details. It is as individuals that some members (EOC and EPC) are pressing for wide-reaching and continuing action.

We are not arguing that sexist classics should be removed entirely from the curriculum in schools or from libraries, but that they should be balanced by works which give a less limiting picture of boys' and girls' characteristics and future roles. Nowhere do we suggest that eradicating sexism makes good fiction, but Mr Caute failed to point out that the working party is dealing mainly with educational texts and not with works of fiction. Nor does Mr Caute challenge the basic premise of our working party that sexist language and images lead to the perpetuation of restrictive sex roles.
Moorland House, Kelsey Road, Caistor, Lincs

From Alasdair Brown, Head of English
Significantly Rosemary Stones makes no mention of children's reading habits and abilities and doesn't seem remotely interested in the responses of children to the books she recommends or reviles. A central assumption that there is a link between childhood reading and subsequent social and political attitudes goes quite unchallenged. What is the evidence that there is one?

Poor Clive King gets kicked about all over the place for writing a book which attacks racial prejudice. Linton Kwesi Johnson's poetry which advocates racial street-fighting gets the full Stones' seal of approval. White liberals are out and Black militants are in.
Wandsworth School, Sutherland Grove, SW18

From John Davies, Director, Educational Publishers Council
I would like to assure David Caute that we are fully aware of the dangers of censorship and proscription and have no intention of dictating to anyone over the content of school or children's books. On the other hand, the Council has always acted as a forum through which publishers can speak with people involved in education about the types of book which they require. It was apparent from the large attendance of publishers at our seminar on sex-stereotyping last year that there was considerable interest in current trends of thought on this subject, and the publishers themselves asked for discussion through the relevant channels and for more information on the situation. This we hope to provide, by a method which I hope will be unbiased, rational and empirical.
19 Bedford Square, London WC1

From Eva Figes
I think David Caute is being unnecessarily paranoid in his reaction to attempts to reduce sexism in children's books. In the Sixties I spent three years working as an editor for a publishing house which had specialised exclusively in children's books for many years. It did not take me very long to discover that 99 per cent of children's books are not works of literary imagination but deliberate artefacts designed for a market. I also discovered that no one involved in the business had really decided for whom these books were being produced: was it for the children, or for parents, teachers and librarians? I found that my employers maintained constant links with chief librarians in order to find out what kind of books would be favoured by them, and that their opinion often had a decisive effect.

Partly as a result of my experience in this publishing house, I wrote three children's stories myself. All three had an anti-repressive slant, with a protagonist who showed apparently anti-social habits which turned out to be highly creative. (This came natually to me. I did not consciously set out to liberate the young single-handed!) Two of the stories featured boys and were immediately accepted for publication by Deutsch. The third story featured a girl and, now I come to analyse it, was a revised, 'liberated' version of red shoes. Deutsch did not publish it, saying only that stories about little girls did not seem to go down as well. I found this out for myself when it was offered to other publishers.
24 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London NW3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Castor and bollocks

There seems, and Heaven help us all, to be some talk in our charming Devon village of Appleton of 'twinning' us with some French counterpart and of proudly displaying the fact on a noticeboard at the village confines. These deplorable signs at the boundaries of towns and villages are becoming all too frequent and form such a depressing feature of travel by motor. To come suddenly, miles from anywhere in the English countryside and with the Cortina tuned to the merest purr, upon a notice saying 'Twinned with Merde-la-Profiterole' provides a shock to the nervous system which nothing but a really substantial lunch can calm. But what can be the point of these false and unholy matings? Why do they occur and, for those who have French, *à quoi bon?* Are there exchanges of visits and would rattling *chars-à-bancs* suddenly unload five dozen garlicky and bebereted foreigners upon us, screaming in the pub for glasses of Beaujolais ('What be that?') and trying to chat up Miss Entwhistle (*'Tu es charmante!'*)? Are we all to have frog pen-pals (*'Ici à Merde tout va bien'*)?

But if the fatal decision is ever taken and we are indeed twinned, I much hope that it will not be with some piffling little place of which nobody has ever heard, as it might have been Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises which would have remained in total obscurity but for Le Nez living and dying there. This is the moment if ever there was one for our Parish Council to think, as they say, big. Aim high, we must. Vision is what we want. Don't let's be fobbed off with anything insignificant and second-rate. Paris, I assume, has already been snapped up by somebody, ditto Rouen and Bordeaux. 'Twinned with Chartres' might look quite well as you approach our fine village church. I wouldn't mind being associated with Rheims, home of bubbly (and nobody could drink more champagne than the Bultitudes), but on the whole I would plump for somewhere with a now faded reputation for smart life and chic living and, though in this field some people's thoughts may have flown to that white elephant, Biarritz, my own mind wanders to the eastern section of France's channel coast, a fairly flat expanse of nothingness which, in the twenties, had a lure all of its own. Although I no longer possess a copy of the book, I rather fancy that the heroine of Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat,* the well-named Iris Storm, spent her disastrous honeymoon there, her husband of a day exiting through a window four floors up. Need one say more?

In choosing to be 'Twinned with Le Touquet', my only worry is the difficulty that most of our village inhabitants are going to find in getting their tongues round such a fancy and outlandish name. I have noticed, however, that when faced with a new and unpronouncable word, they tend to relate it to something that they already know and I expect that Le Touquet will come out as Lee Tuckett, there having been a delightful and honoured family of that last name resident here for many a year. Le Touquet was, as older readers will know, the resort to which, fifty or sixty years ago, all the smarty-boots world, still going about in social and sheeplike herds as in Edwardian and Victorian times, delighted to pop across for a flutter at the tables after a healthful day spent on tennis court, links and *plage,* and fortunate we are to find a gifted lady journalist of the period who, in the pages of the weekly glossy magazine, *Sketch,* chronicled the various goings-on. I refer, of course, to 'Mariegold', an invaluable presence at hunt-ball and coming-out dance, at Embassy Club supper parties and Court functions ('The First Lady in the Land seldom favours green'). Though not perhaps quite as smart and as popular as the plage at a watering place further west, Deauville, ('The Rolls-Royces purr up with bathers . . . The latest idea is to carry coloured air-balloons to match your bathing costume'), Le Touquet did pretty well ('The whole place is simply packed') with what was relentlessly called 'the younger set' (Mountbattens and so forth) and stage people, with Gertie Millar, by then retired, plump, aged 46 and become the Countess of Dudley, much *en évidence.* And there is a pleasing snap of the married Binnie Hale with her baby, the explanatory sub-title reading 'No Longer Hale — But Very Hearty! Binnie and Her Babe'.

The photographs, and not only of Le Touquet, in these bound *Sketch* volumes are one long treat. There is Queen Mary planting a tree at Beckton Gas Works (why? The manager's birthday, possibly) and the Duke and Duchess of York in bardic robes at the Welsh Eisteddfod and 'receiving the names of Betsi and Albert o Efrog'. There are 'Well-known Folk at the Quorn 'Chases'' and Ruth Draper being presented at Court and Betty Nuthall ('She formerly served underarm') coming through with a wristy overhead, and Albert o Efrog at the Derby. There is the Prince of Wales, a photographically persecuted man if ever there was one (and there is), presenting cups, climbing into aeroplanes and coming muddy tumbles off countless horses. There is Madame Lupesco, 'Prince Carol's Friend', in rural mood and feeding some startled Buff Orpingtons. In a section called 'We Take Off Our Hat To', Queen Surayya of Afghanistan is featured. Presented with a pair of guns by King George V and chancing to be in Sheffield, it seems that she loaded up and took a pot shot at a suit of armour and knocked its helmet off, though why we should applaud this royal Annie Oakley act neither the *Sketch* nor Mariegold explains. Then there is Yvonne Arnaud fondling a peke called Pansy and two Oxford undergraduates who fought a duel (fined by the authorities) and Captain Duff Cooper, MP ('the Owen Nares of the Conservative Party') and Master Ernest Lough who sold half a million records of 'Hear My Prayer'. Strange indeed are the innumerable photographs of brides and bridegrooms, not then referred to as Young Marrieds for the average age of the former would appear to be around 24, with the latter well into their 30s.

Wondering, as is one's way, about this and that, I ask myself whether the natives of Le Touquet ever looked, in their turn, longingly across the Channel at our shores and the urban joys that might be available there. Did they ache to take a steam packet to Bognor (*Sa Plage! Ses Fullers!*) or to the veritable Queen of watering places, Bournemouth? Then what of the mysteries sheltering behind the name of Dymchurch or in the streets, fit but few, of Dungeness? Some may be surprised to learn that our revered Poet Laureate was not the first to hymn the unconventional beauties of our land. Try and spot the author of this:

> Bexhill-on-Sea is the haven for me
> Whene'er my nerves are depressed;
> For there's a retreat
> Where you golf and you eat
> And you sleep and you dream
> And you rest.

This particular poet, the acknowledged bard of the Seaside, does not confine himself by any means to Bexhill:

> Lazily lost in a dream we sit,
> Maidens' eyes are a waveless mere,
> There's many a vow when seagulls flit
> And many a sigh when lamps are lit,
> And many a kiss upon Brighton Pier.

Margate too and Cromer come in for their full share of praise, and sometimes too even his eyes turn enviously southwards:

> Old Albion's coast isn't lively, is it?
> There are jollier places, you'll all agree;
> So cross the channel, and come to visit
> Our holiday life at Boulogne-on-Sea.

Not fair to ask you really, for the name is hardly remembered. It was Clement Scott, a vigorous theatre journalist towards the turn of the century, and these agreeable verses were collected and relayed to us by none other than Max Beerbohm.

Roger Woddis

Open and shut

The BBC has cancelled a lecture on nuclear arms by Professor Michael Pentz, dean of science at the Open University, on the grounds that it was 'inappropriate and unsuitable'.

I am the very model of a safe Director-Gineral,
The water coursing through my veins is very largely mineral;
The way my powers are exercised, though more or less inscrutable,
Denotes an awful fear of things I deem to be unsuitable;
In controversial matters I display a certain latitude,
Except where the Establishment requires a kneeling attitude,
And while allowing programmes which are slightly on the bluey side,
I cannot think it wise to question universal suicide.

I draw the line at dissidents in matters academical,
Believing it disturbing to indulge in the polemical;
And if, instead of blessing war, a scientist should curse it, he
Will find the door is bolted at the Open University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Andrew Motion

The Two Voices

Tennyson: The Unquiet Heart by ROBERT BERNARD MARTIN *Oxford/Faber* £12.95

When Tennyson's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* appeared in 1830 his uncle Charles said he 'would have preferred hearing that he had made a wheelbarrow'. Hostility between the two branches of the family had been bitter for years. Long before Tennyson was born, his father (George Clayton Tennyson) and grandfather had fallen out, and during his childhood the relationship grew increasingly strained. As his father was repeatedly passed-over or vilified, the isolation of their home at Somersby deepened. The details are well-known, and Robert Bernard Martin rehearses them with the controlled efficiency that characterises his biography. But he adds to them one important consideration: George Clayton Tennyson's frustration and often justifiable rage were aggravated by and intensified his epilepsy. The whole family's susceptibility to this disease — Tennyson never had it himself, but half a dozen of his close relatives did — was overlooked by Hallam and Charles Tennyson in their biographies, mainly because it was considered shameful. 'The commonest exciting cause in both sexes,' Martin says, 'and that which made the patient almost incurable, was thought to be masturbation.' When George Clayton Tennyson's health finally broke down, epilepsy was one of the main — but unpublicised — causes. And by drawing attention to this fact, and to the children's fear of developing the disease themselves, Martin clarifies several important aspects of Tennyson's life and work. It helps to explain, among other things, his frequent recourse to 'water cures', his delay in marrying (he didn't want to pass it on to the next generation), and his poems' frequent depiction of various forms of mental instability.

Given the turbulence of his early years, it's hardly surprising to find Tennyson referring to his poetry as an escape. Martin makes much of this, and takes the title of his book from a verse in *In Memoriam* (inexplicably he prints it without indented lines) which makes the point explicit:

> . . . for the unique heart and brain,
> A use in measured language lies;
> The sad mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

Urged too strongly, this emphasis risks making Tennyson appear simply cringing — whereas of course much of the power of his best poems comes from their dialectic between a longing for easy forgetfulness and a recognition of the need to meet active responsibilities. 'The Lotus-Eaters' and 'The Two Voices' are obvious examples; although his imagination usually sides with the former, it cannot entirely subdue reason's claims for the latter. But there are undoubtedly certain senses in which the 'narcotic' aspect of his poetry is paralleled by his social manner. In some respects, this is apparent in the depths of his personality — he was, for instance, strikingly uninterested in sex. (Or as Martin dryly puts it, 'His choice of an invalid wife approaching middle age was no indication of overwhelming sexuality'.) In other respects, behaviour which seems to derive from the same regressive impulse appears simply lazy. At times his lethargy actually jeopardised the maintenance of friendships, and it is clearly one reason for what Martin sees as the main deficiency of his work. 'His natural inclination to feel that others owed him more than he owed them' encouraged a narrowing of artistic sympathy;

> It is essentially his lack of understanding of the motivation of men unlike himself that is at the heart of the failure of almost all his poems in which he tried to create the consciousness of a mind that was not a carbon copy of his own.

After 1850 these personal and imaginative tendencies became steadily more pronounced. The mid-point of the century brought marriage, the publication of *In Memoriam,* money and fame within a few months of each other — and with them came the lionisation which allowed him to develop his weaknesses. It's only fair to say, though, that some of his brusqueness was probably the result of nerves — and the extent of his popularity was enough to turn the strongest head. Advertisements, for instance, frequently featured his name without permission, to lend weight to their claims. 'Cockles' Pills did so in a fictitious letter: 'Dear Sir, Like most literary men I am subject to violent constipation, and your pills I find of the greatest possible comfort. Yrs A. Tennyson.' Fame also, of course, brought the stability to produce *Maud* and an irregular flow of poems which retained what Fitzgerald called 'the old champagne flavour'. But in Martin's account, at least, the gulf gradually widened between his grumpy, insensitive, reactionary self, and the occasional selfless lyrics. Most of the best of these are elegies, and one reason for their excellence, perhaps, is that the subject of death could not help but recall him to the loss he had mourned more intensely than any other: Arthur Hallam's. This is strongly borne out, as Martin indicates, by the similarities in form and phrasing between *In Memoriam VI* (in which Tennyson imagines how Hallam's 'heavy-shotted hammock-shroud/Drops in his vast and wandering grave'), and the elegy for his son Lionel:

> And now she Was, the Might-have-been.
> And those lone rites I have not seen.
> And one drear sound I have not heard.
>
> Are dreams that scarce will let me be,
> Not there to bid my boy farewell,
> When That within the coffin fell,
> Fell — and flashed into the Red Sea,
>
> Beneath a hard Arabian moon
> And alien stars.

'Crossing the Bar' seems to adopt a related pattern of images — it's as if Tennyson had turned the intimate actual details of Hallam's death into a mythology to which all other deaths must refer. When his own came, he had buried most traces of the neurotic, lonely, restless Lincolnshire childhood in a grand, irritable and often pretentious manner. But the memory of Hallam's loss never faded — and for Tennyson's last 40-odd years it provided a grief his genius could not do without.

The Three Estates

PETER GORDON reviews the Oxford Social Mobility Group's important exposure of the post-war British school system as a bastion of inherited privilege.

Origins and Destinations: Family, Class, and Education in Modern Britain by A.H. HALSEY, A.F. HEATH, J.M. RIDGE *Oxford* £11 & £4.95

To what extent education can (and should) change society has long been debated by educationists and, to a lesser extent, until comparatively recently, by politicians. The valuable work carried out after the war by David Glass and his associates at the London School of Economics on social mobility in Britain provided a starting-point for the present study. Following in this political arithmetic tradition, the authors, who are members of the Oxford Social Mobility Group, studied the social and educational origins of over 10,000 men who were between the ages of 20 and 64 in England and Wales in 1972. (The absence of women from the sample is a pity.) This large-scale empirical study set out to discover the class differences in access to education and how far the education system is a meritocratic one; it also considered the various handicaps which militate against success in the system. The authors examine the likely consequences of comprehensive reform for achieving equality of educational opportunity and the extent to which attendance at a particular type of school

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affects a child's educational career.

A threefold social-class classification is used, labelled respectively 'service' (higher and lower grade professionals), 'intermediate' (clerical, small proprietors and the labour aristocracy), and 'working' (mainly skilled and unskilled manual workers). The educational experiences of the three cohorts are then analysed as a basis for answering the questions which have been posed. Inevitably, the study has a slightly historical flavour, as the majority of respondents are products of the tripartite system, when pupils were allocated to grammar, technical and secondary modern schools on the basis of their performance at 11 years of age.

As the book jacket flap points out, the authors' conclusions are depressing. The 1944 Education Act, which promised to provide an education according to each child's age, aptitude and ability, in fact has not secured the hoped-for changes. Three-quarters of working-class boys continued to go to non-selective schools while the same proportion of service class sons went to selective schools. The presence of the independent sector has distorted the picture. Over a half of those who began in private education remained within it and had 36 times the chance of their state contemporaries of attending a Headmasters' Conference school.

However, the authors' evidence does not support 'cultural capital' theory, showing for instance, that 80 per cent of technical school boys and two-thirds of those at grammar schools were doing more than reproducing cultural capital: they were also creating it. Further, it emerges that for those who stayed on into examination forms, the differences in results between social classes were small. On the other hand, the relative chances of those from educated backgrounds entering selective school remained high.

How important then, in his educational career, is the type of school a boy attends? The authors have been able to show that 'pupils of similar social origin had similar educational fates whatever of the latter three schools (grammar, direct grant and major independent) they attended but very different fates if they went instead to one of the schools ranked lower down the educational hierarchy'. By the ingenious use of path analysis, it is shown that the school effects remained despite the inclusion of IQ in the model; that 'material circumstances' of the home were an important determinant of school careers whereas 'family climate' had little influence on success; and perhaps most surprisingly, the unimportance of IQ in secondary schooling. This conclusion, if correct, requires careful consideration by educational planners.

The follow-through to post-secondary education has already been fairly thoroughly documented, and this study confirms the findings of politicians and others — that the boy from a privileged school had a higher chance of obtaining a university place than one from the working classes. This is not due to class bias by universities, but the consequence of earlier decisions in the educational process. The lower tier of further education is more likely to be used by intermediary than service or working-class boys, though it is being increasingly used by poorly qualified boys from the service class. However, the authors note that class chances of access to further education were notably equal and educational opportunity would have been a great deal more unequal if it did not exist.

This study, completed before the Conservative Government came to power, confirms the 'wastage' within the system, which writers such as Kenneth Lindsay, R.H. Tawney, J.L. Gray and Pearl Moshinsky had eloquently and passionately documented before the last war. A much greater difficulty confronts those, such as Halsey and his co-authors, who seek ways of acting on these findings in the formulation of future policy. In answering their original question whether education can change society, they look to the achievement of equality of opportunity, defined as 'equality of access between the social classes to superior forms and levels of education'. While the authors show that, given their model of a fully meritocratic educational system, there is in admission to selective secondary schooling based on measured IQ a shortfall of 4 per cent for the working classes, they also admit that their survey did not have evidence of the measured intelligence of the respondents; nor have they been able to take account of less tangible but important psychological aspects relating to individuals' ambitions and drives.

Obviously the type of school matters: the authors believe the main hope of achieving equality of educational opportunity lies in a structural reform of the system. Two essentials are the completion of comprehensive reorganisation and the integration of the private sector into a national system. These recommendations are of course now enshrined in official Labour educational policy, but they raise a host of worrying questions which this book acknowledges, but politicians tend to gloss over. In practical terms, the concept of 'equal opportunity' is an elusive one and can be interpreted in a variety of ways. If greater access to educational opportunity is possible, it can be argued that this in itself gives no assurance that the child in the middle band of a comprehensive will ever get out of it.

The authors look to a comprehensive system achieving the goal of an educated society, believing that 'with a common culture there must be a *common curriculum* as well as common schools'. Such a curriculum would appeal to all members of society, drawing on the vocational ethos of technical schools (much praised in this study) and the literary and scientific ethos of grammar schools. However, critics from both the Left and Right have rejected the notion of a common curriculum and a common culture for very different reasons, and attempts by the Department of Education and Science during the past four years to formulate the basis for such a curriculum have not been notably successful.

That teachers have a task of 'heroic proportions' to make comprehensives work is undeniable, though the recent HMI Report on ILEA schools indicates that many of them underrate the capacities of pupils whatever their ability. On the other hand, the much debated Rutter Report (1979) which indicated that children from similar family backgrounds and similar personality characteristics perform differently in different schools shows that we need to know more about how and why some schools are successful before it is possible to make prescriptions for achieving equality of opportunity. The main achievement of *Origins and Destinations* is that it stimulates the reader to re-examine these questions and provides a sound historical/sociological basis for politicians, educationalists and administrators who are concerned with the problem.

The Literary Review

ISSUE 19th DECEMBER

Dennis Potter on Jack Tinker's The Television Barons

"Any even halfway competent account of the shifty origins and subsequent tawdry history of commercial television in this country is bound to read more like black comedy and occasional knock-me-down farce than the tragedy it really is . . . "

Buy the Literary Review and read on! At your newsagent this Friday or direct from

Literary Review
30 York Place
Edinburgh EH1 3PE

50p (inc. p &p)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rites of Passage

ARCHIE BROWN reviews three studies of modern Western Communist Parties

Power and the Party: Changing Faces of Communism in Western Europe by KEITH MIDDLEMAS *Deutsch* £14.95

The Changing Face of Western Communism edited by David Childs *Croom Helm* £12.50

Comrades and Christians: Religion and Political Struggle in Communist Italy by DAVID I. KERTZER *Cambridge* £15 & £4.95

Just as students of Communist states began in the second half of the 1960s to come to terms with the variations among the Communist states of Eastern Europe, so the second half of the 1970s saw growing attention to the diversity to be found among the Communist Parties of Western Europe — a diversity which existed to a greater degree than was generally noticed even before the spring and winter of 1968, but which has developed significantly in response to the events (especially those in Czechoslovakia) of that year. The flow of books on the nature of West European Communism shows no sign of drying up in 1980 and the three noticed here are valuable additions to that body of work.

They are also very different types of book. The most remarkable of them is Keith Middlemas's *Power and the Party,* for though he does not cover as many West European countries and parties as David Childs in *The Changing Face of Western Communism,* he covers them on his own, and, furthermore, by skilful and extensive interviewing of influential party members he penetrates further than he had any right to expect behind the relatively monolithic facade which even the most 'Euro' of Communist Parties likes to present to the outside world. The book is divided into two parts. The first (and much shorter) part provides an historical and comparative context: 'National Parties in the Era of the Comintern' and 'The East and Central European Experience 1941-68'. The second part of the book examines the inner-party life and relationship to their respective societies and political systems of the Communist Parties of France, Italy, Portugal and Spain.

In the first part, Middlemas's somewhat sketchy knowledge of actual Communist states occasionally shows through. Thus, for example, it is strange to read that the Action Programme of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia in 1968 'embodied generous but naive beliefs that *1948 and 1956 had both been aberrations on the part of the Soviet Union,* and that even a country as important to Comecon and the Warsaw Pact as Czechoslovakia would be allowed to develop freely' (italics added). The Action Programme condemned the uncritical adoption of the Soviet model but did not cast doubt upon the legitimacy of the Communist seizure of power. When the Czechoslovak Communist Party concentrated all state power in its own hands in February 1948 it did so without the help of the Red Army. Though there were Czech Communists who were in restrospect critical of the manner of taking power in 1948, they nevertheless felt that they had made their 'own revolution'. They had a sense of being masters of their own destiny which Polish and Hungarian Communists, for example, did not have and could not have. It was precisely this perception of their experience — so different from that of other East European Communists (with the exception of the Yugoslavs and the Albanians) — which left them so unprepared for the prospect of Soviet military intervention. In the eyes of Czech Communists, neither 1948 nor 1956 were 'aberrations on the part of the Soviet Union'. In 1948 they had themselves taken power and in 1956, as they saw it, the Hungarians had made the fatal mistake of endangering the military alliance and choosing neutrality rather than loyalty to the Soviet Union on matters of foreign policy. Thus, the Czech Communists proclaimed their loyalty to the Warsaw Pact and thought they had learned the lessons of history, whereas one of history's more difficult lessons is that fatal mistakes may take many forms.

On the West European Parties with which he is chiefly concerned, Middlemas is frequently illuminating. He discloses that when the French Communist Party got into some disarray in the aftermath of co-operation with the socialists, Marchais was in the minority within the leadership who favoured an inner-party debate, with the pages of *L'Humanité* to be opened to a variety of views. But the Secretariat voted four to three (Marchais being one of the three) against what they perceived as a threat to party unity, and Althusser and Ellenstein had to turn to *Le Monde.*

Middlemas's reminder that 'as late as 1968 nearly half the PCI's membership was prepared not merely to dissociate from their leaders' criticism of Russia but actually to approve the invasion of Czechoslovakia' and his citation of Carrillo's 'revealing aside' of 1974 ('If I were a social democrat . . . I would never align with the Communist party, in the way I, as PCE leader, suggest, because I would know that social-democratic parties would remain the PCE's prisoner') help, as do many of his other observations, to qualify excessively liberal stereotypes of the Italian and Spanish parties. He seems surprisingly certain, however, that the Portuguese Communist Party is following a path as different from its Soviet as from its Spanish counterpart.

One of Middlemas's main conclusions is that in their policy responses to the circumstances in which they find themselves, the West European Communist Parties do, firstly, what seems to be required in their particular national context, and, secondly, take heed of the demands of the International Communist movement. In these parties — as, of course, in the ruling parties — he finds a wide gap between official ideology and day-to-day prac-

Periodicals in English from China

	1 Year £	2 Years £	3 Years £
BEIJING REVIEW (Weekly)	6.80	10.40	15.60
CHINA PICTORIAL (Monthly)	5.00	8.60	12.90
CHINA RECONSTRUCTS (Monthly)	3.90	6.60	9.90
CHINESE LITERATURE (Monthly)	3.90	6.60	9.90
WOMEN OF CHINA (Monthly)	3.90	6.60	9.90
CHINA'S SPORTS (Monthly)	3.90	6.60	9.90
CHINA'S FOREIGN TRADE (Bimonthly)	3.90	6.50	9.75
CHINA'S SCREEN (Quarterly)	1.30	2.60	3.90
SOCIAL SCIENCES IN CHINA (Quarterly)	12.80	25.60	38.40

Collet's

Available from:

Collet's Chinese Bookshop
40 Great Russell Street
London WC1B 3PJ
Tel. 01-580 7538

David Sweetman

Driving Infidelity

He kissed her breast till blood
strawberried the skin, that sudden fireburst
of a cigarette tossed from a speeding car. . .

the trees hated the headlights, she hated the
red puddles of furry things dying blind
only relaxing when the dawn's blue steel
wove

into a bridge's purl and plain. Now she lies
wary of his mouth's search for the
sensations
he believes hide in the corners of her body.
You blew smoke through your nose,
thoroughbred
in a frosty field, eyes closed when hedgerows
smeared the windscreen at the bends.

You are afraid of the accidental me
as if I were the shuddering pistons, tearing
hair and skin on the tarmac; shards of glass.

The children know. You take them for a
drive
and I watch you go, a man and his family
in a moving gallery of oddly-shaped
portraits

yet when their father comes home
they say nothing. At a garage, a rubber tube
draws off our air leaving us in a vacuum of
love.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tice. He suggests that 'doctrinal questions such as the dictatorship of the proletariat or the precise rating of Lenin in the Party pantheon are resolved in pragmatic fashion, often abruptly and with scant regard to intellectuals' or traditionalists' susceptibilities'.

The volume edited by David Childs, *The Changing Face of Western Communism,* has less to offer by way of stimulating generalisation than Middlemas's book — a useful introductory chapter by its editor notwithstanding — but its geographical coverage is more extensive. The French, Italian and Spanish (but not Portuguese) Parties are again well to the fore, but in addition there is coverage of the Finnish, Austrian, Danish, Swedish and Icelandic Parties and Childs even manages to spare a few pages of his introduction for the Communist Party of Great Britain. Perhaps the most thoughtful chapter is that of Martin Clark and David Hine on the PCI which they see as poised, somewhat uneasily, between Leninism and social democracy.

David Kertzer, in *Comrades and Christians,* overlaps scarcely at all with Middlemas or Clark and Hine in his study of Italian Communism. By providing a case study of a working-class quarter (Albora) of Bologna, in which he lived as an anthropological participant-observer for a year, Kertzer is dealing with a very different world from that inhabited by Berlinger or Lombardo Radice. Historic compromise or no historic compromise, the struggle between Church and Party is on in earnest. The battle for supremacy in ritual is among the themes Kertzer tackles and this particular battleground is one where the Church is still strong. He concludes that the continued influence of the Church must be related in good part to its near-monopoly over rites of passage.

Communist rites of passage have been exceedingly slow to catch on (even Communist *states* have, after all, encountered problems in this regard), but other rituals have become more popular. In Albora the Communist *festa* has supplanted the Church *festa* in popularity and local party leaders receive tributes from their followers for serving the food on these occasions. For the rank-and-file, this apparently symbolises egalitarianism. 'Can you imagine', asked a young PCI member, 'a Christian Democratic senator waiting on tables?' Perhaps not, but it is a role which British army officers have found no difficulty in playing and it never occured to me in the course of either of the Christmas dinners they served me during my National Service in the 1950s that these chaps had been converted to egalitarianism. Though the ritual seems to go down well in Bologna, Kertzer is on the mark when he suggests that such 'rights of reversal' reinforce rather than threaten the status of Party officials.

Kertzer is a perceptive and generally sympathetic observer of the Communists of Bologna. He argues that the PCI has been a positive force there, but his main concern is to delineate in detail the struggle for supremacy between Party and Church in one locality. Though they accept the constraints imposed by the Party leadership at national level and do not take action against the Church, the local activists regard the Church as 'the Party's arch enemy and they see this as the natural state of affairs'.

The immediate need is for studies of Communist politics in the localities rather than the flow of surveys of parties viewed from the top.

Race, sex & class in children's books: 4

A Tale of Two Bookshops

PAUL BINDING visited two radical bookshops. His report contains surprising information about their criteria for selecting children's books.

Centerprise (136, Kingsland High Street, London E8) was founded in 1971 by Glen Thompson and Anthony Kendall who had been impressed by the existence in Sweden and Germany of community bookshops — places where people could buy books, drink coffee and eat, and meet to exchange ideas. It is run as a collective and is a registered charity. The concern is about 50 per cent grant-aided; two-thirds of the aid comes from ILEA who insist on three detailed reports a year justifying both activities and policies, something not required of a youth club, for instance.

The bookshop contains a sizeable section for children and young people, and has developed lively relations with local schools, particularly secondary schools who regularly bring browsing parties. Centerprise tries to build up continuing relations with its young bookshop users, and certainly many who came first to the children's section now come as patrons of the adult shelves and make use of the adult social facilities.

Centerprise serves the community of Dalston, part of the borough of Hackney: about 40 per cent of the area is black or Asian, and the shop makes a particular point of stocking multi-ethnic books for children (i.e. books depicting or dealing with black or Asian children as chief/sole protagonists, and books — such as Rosemary Stones's *Mother Goose Comes to Cable Street,* a best-seller there — which show white and black/Asian children associating together). Centerprise stocks many books on such lines put out by the smaller, radical publishers — e.g. the black publishing company, Bogle l'Ouverture. It reports a very considerable increase these last five years in the demand for multi-ethnic books for young people. Its special identity enables Centerprise to choose the books it stocks according to beliefs and hopes, and not from purely commercial motives. If its staff feel a book is ideologically unacceptable, they will not take it for the shop. Centerprise sells no Biggles books, for example; on the other hand it does stock the Enid Blyton Famous Five stories, because of the continuous demand for them. It refused to take any copies of a young children's book, *Floury Fingers,* because of its sex and family stereotypes, and recently has declined M. M. Kaye's *The Ordinary Princess.* This book, by the author of the best-selling *Far Pavilions,* has received an enthusiastic welcome from other bookshops, but Centerprise found its romantic attitude to the female role distorting and offensive.

The question may well be asked whether such exclusions amount to censorship. Centerprise certainly would not refuse to *order* any title for a customer on ideological grounds. Thus, if a child requested *The Ordinary Princess* a copy would be obtained for him/her. But he/she would also receive an explanation as to why the book had not been stocked in the first place.

The Ordinary Princess — a 2nd Opinion

This is a delightful, vivacious story told with great wit and sensitivity. The characters are vividly and humorously portrayed and admirably captured in the illustrations by Faith Jaques. M. M. Kaye proves herself a first-rate storyteller in the fairytale tradition. She combines economy of style with a splendid tongue-in-cheek sense of humour which perfectly matches this slightly off-beat tale.

From Judith Elkin's review of M. M. Kaye's novel for children, *TLS,* 21.11.80

Centerprise has been told by publishers' reps that its book-popularity lists (and those of shops set up on similar lines, e.g. The Bookplace in Peckham) follow quite different patterns from those of the larger, orthodox bookshops. An anti-sexist young children's book, *Benjamin and Tulip* by Rosemary Wells did very well at Centerprise but has not been particularly successful in the mainstream bookshops and, as a consequence, has gone out of print.

The increase in demand for multi-ethnic children's books is also reported by New Beacon Books (76 Stroud Green Road, N4). New Beacon started life as a small publishing house in 1966; a year later, under the direction of John La Rose, it opened a bookshop for which, its management says, the term 'black bookshop' would be a convenient port-

This study of the Soviet sculptor, Ernst Neizvestny, not only examines an artist working under the restrictions of the USSR's art bureaucracy but reaches out to question the development and character of Russian art as a whole.

£4.95 h/b £2.95 p/b

Writers and Readers,
25 Nassington Road, London NW3

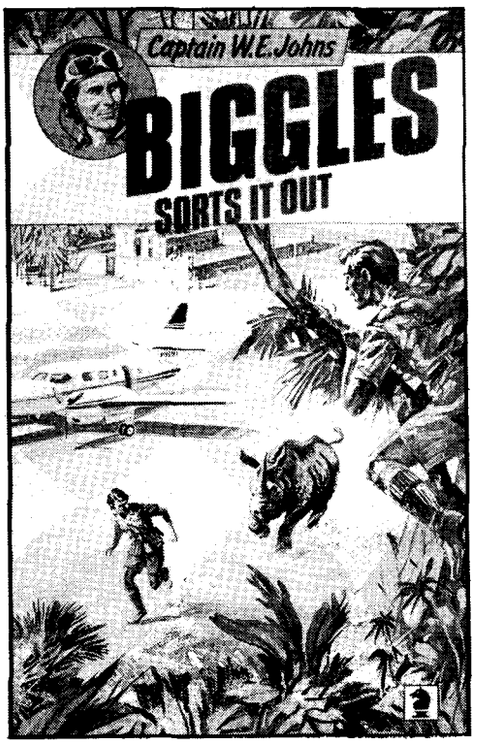
Please send me ____ copy(s)

I enclose cheque/P.O. for _____

Name _____

Address _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



'Putting racist books back into children's libraries

The mother of three young children, Denise Jones, a Tower Hamlets resident, is a frequent user of the local children's library service. But there have been some unpleasant surprises on recent library visits — shelves adorned with brand new copies of books by such notorious writers as Hugh Lofting (Dr Dolittle), W.E. Johns (Biggles) and Enid Blyton (all those golliwogs), all well known for the offensive racial stereotyping in their books. . . Are the policy makers of Tower Hamlets libraries aware that they are in effect actively reintroducing racist books into Tower Hamlets' children's libraries?'

From Children's Book Bulletin No 1

manteau. New Beacon has a double ideological origin — in the Black Education Movement of the mid-Sixties, and in the Caribbean Artists' Movement. Fifteen years later — and diffused — this latter movement still contributes much to New Beacon: publications, pamphlets, posters, events (readings, discussions etc.) and the shop's dissemination of the work of Caribbean artists has played a determining role in the current widespread popularity of Rastafarian art. New Beacon's stock is between 80 and 90 per cent made up of books by black writers or about black politico-cultural matters, and includes publications from small radical houses. With the Caribbean, Afro-America, Africa and Europe they do a flourishing mail-order business.

As sellers of children's books New Beacon received an impetus to their ambitions in 1969-1971. The Borough of Haringey which was undergoing comprehensivation of its schools, was suspected of planning to band immigrant children almost 'en bloc' into the lower classes of its educational establishments as ESN. This compelled a protest movement of which the New Beacon publication, *How the West Indian Child is Made Educationally Subnormal in the British School System* (1971) was seminal. From this time onwards New Beacon have been passionately concerned with bringing to resident/immigrant black children awareness through books of their own cultural traditions.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Right to Know What?

STUART HOOD discusses the outstanding documentaries shown at the London Film Festival.

The London Film Festival is — like any other — a bran-tub, a penny-dip, in which the public is invited to fish around for goodies, to expect some surprises and to run the risk of coming up with some over-ripe piece like Vladek Sheybal's insufferably self-indulgent *All About a Prima Ballerina* (script: V.S. — direction: V.S. — lead: V.S.), which is all about how terrible it is to be a great actor. In short, the Festival is determinedly eclectic — a concentrated application of the policy which governs the programming of the NFT for most of the year — the attempt to categorise the films in the catalogue being little more than cosmetic. It is therefore not the occasion to expect an opportunity to view, enjoy and discuss with their makers new works or particular genres of film-making in any considered and structured way. There were certainly interviews with film-makers after a number of the showings but these were in general perfunctory, anecdotal, unstructured and unenlightening on the aesthetic and practical questions raised by the work that had just been shown.

One exception, which provided an inkling of the potential interest of such discussions, was provided by a somewhat rambling interview with the American documentarist Frederick Wiseman after the screening of *Model*, the latest of his feature-length observational documentaries which are characterised by lack of commentary, by his willingness to stay with a situation and by a combination of closeness to the subject (thanks to a very small crew) and cool detachment from it. *Model*, it must be added, is a work which, for all its assurance, is heavily redundant in its profusion of images and not more than superficially enlightening on the New York fashion business or on the place of advertising in our society. Nor is it any more assured than the work currently produced by a good handful of contemporary British documentarists.

What Wiseman did, however, was to touch on the important question of the nature of documentary film, about which he was both interesting and authoritative. Documentary, he pointed out, is as much a construct as is fictional film, being the result of the selection and shaping of material to fit the vision of the director — in the case of *Model*, the rendering down of some 40 hours of film to two hours of screen-time. It is in the nature of this process that at the end of it lies not objective truth nor any possible claim to that impartiality urged on BBC documentary producers in a memorandum which Wiseman rightly describes as 'end-of-a-needle theology'. The institutional view of documentary film, he asserted, rests on the untenable assumption that a consensual view is an impartial one. It was a theme which might profitably have been developed in connection with other documentaries in the Festival programme with an extension into the question of the precise function and effectiveness of the committed documentary.

Of this genre Kenneth Griffith's *Curious Journey* was an admirable example — an account of Easter 1916 as recalled by a handful of survivors who were as remarkable for their vitality as for their sane views on the situation in Northern Ireland today. But in spite of the use of interesting archival material (of the Black and Tans, for instance) it is doubtful whether the audience understood more about Irish history after seeing the film, for the main impression — Griffith's own histrionic style being a little muted for once — was that of vigorous old age. But then Griffith, who is immensely inventive as a film-maker although as narrator he does not always avoid self-caricature, is arguably not the man to go to for political sophistication — witness his other Festival film, *The Public's Right to Know*.

In its opening sequence this film shows Griffith, in full flight on the plinth of Nelson's Column, being interrupted by the news that his project to make a film about Baden-Powell in South Africa has been blacked by ACTT, the film technicians' union; it is a sequence which raises the tricky question of documentary reconstruction for it seems improbable that there were by chance two crews on location — one filming Griffith and the other filming the filming. However, the political naivety lies elsewhere — in his apparent inability to understand to this day that his project was blacked as part of a general policy based on an appeal from the black trade unionists of South Africa that union members should not accept work in that country. (How the union's policy was eroded and eventually overturned is an episode with a suspicious taint of Muldergate.)

A film which could have done with some of Griffith's passion was *Isitwalande*, directed by Barry Fineberg, which recorded the adoption of the Freedom Charter in June 1955 by the multi-racial Congress of the People and the reaction to it of the South African Government. It was a document based, like Griffith's *Curious Journey*, on interviews and archival (sometimes snatched) footage, like a sequence shot illegally in the courtroom during the mass treason trial which ended after four-and-a-half years with the acquittal of all the accused. What was at fault in the film was not its partiality but the director's failure to work with the available images and to use them to convey a strong and memorable message. His were the same constraints as the Cuban film-maker, Santiago Alvarez, has overcome with a combination of imagination and technical skill.

An Italian film by Carlo Carlotto, *Israel of the Beduin*, made in a rather reticent way strong points about Israel's policies in the Negev and their effects on nomadic culture. (There were uncomfortable parallels between the little townships created for the Beduin and the townships of the Bantustans.) But the mere tacking on of newspaper cuttings to what was essentially an enthnographic documentary does not turn it into a political film, although it almost succeeded in sparking off a political debate after the showing; which is perhaps an indication that its effectiveness would be increased if it were used within a political context. It was certainly less effective than a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well-constructed documentary from the States, *The Willmar 8*, in which the woman director, Lee Grant, traced the story of a year-long strike against sexual and economic discrimination by eight women bank employees in a small town in Minnesota. (They were habitually asked to train men who went on to higher grades and higher rates of pay.) Willmar is a community with even more churches than banks and — at least at a public level — an amazing level of prejudice of all kinds. This the film successfully records, as it does the courage of the women and their marginal success. But it leaves the viewer with questions about the purpose of the film. Is it merely a record like a photograph album, the subject of memory and perhaps sentiment? Is its aim to raise political consciousness or does its conclusion rest in the remark of one of the strikers that feelings don't lie?

There are some film-makers like Tony Garnett and Ken Loach who believe that the dilemmas presented by the debate over documentary truth can best be circumvented by dramatisation based on thorough research. This approach has informed a series of works that go back to *Cathy Come Home*, some of which involved the BBC in prolonged theological discussion. Garnett's latest work in this style is *Prostitute*, a film which he describes as belonging to an attempt to work within 'what could be called humanist cinema'. This practice is based on the conviction that film-making is a social act and that film-makers must be capable of learning from the people whose world they invade instead of, as is normal, exploiting their subjects visually and psychologically. This is a welcome difference in approach from the professional rip-off of people and institutions, but this account of the experiences of a Midlands prostitute, for all its authenticity and respect for its subject, says a great deal less about the nature of prostitution than Godard's *Slow Motion*. Godard disturbs and sets his audience by the ears, for he is concerned with the nature of exploitation whereas *Prostitute* is about the virtues of solidarity and a social worker with a heart of gold.

Some of the same criticisms can be levelled at Loach's *Gamekeeper*, which is an account of a year in the life of an ex-steel worker turned estate-worker and employed by an aristocratic land-owner to rear pheasants and keep trespassers from the local council houses out of his spinneys. The strength of the film derives — as in Garnett's case — from great accuracy of observation and unpatronising understanding of the characters portrayed. There is, too, beneath the surface a strong sense of the tensions engendered by the contradiction between the keeper's working-class origins and the functions he is required to discharge; but there is a real danger that the audience will come away more impressed by the details of ferreting and by the feeling for the countryside captured by two excellent cameramen, Chris Menges and Charles Stewart, than by such social subtleties. The final impression of Garnett's film is the memory of warmth and protectiveness in a cruel industrial world.

It was one of the ironies of the Festival that a film which confronted the problem of documentary truth, although itself funded by the BFI Film Production Board, was squeezed on to the programme only at the last moment and without favour of publicity; which points to some important differences in judgment between different parts of the Institute. Nick Burton and Anthea Kennedy have produced in *At the Fountainhead* a film which intelligently explores through the life stories of a group of anti-nazi Germans the fine line between fiction and historical truth, between reconstruction and documentation, and in so doing raises uncomfortable, not easily answerable questions about our historical perspective on the events of the Thirties and Forties. It is sad that it should have been so tucked away from sight.

Blues, Rags & Stomps

CHARLES FOX reviews recent jazz releases

Jazz between the wars was a little like Christendom in the Middle Ages. Local squabbles took place; there was sectarian rivalry, some token blood-letting, but everybody agreed upon fundamentals. And just as Latin worked — for the literate, anyway — like a cultural cement, so did that network of themes and chord sequences on which all the earlier jazz musicians based their improvising. Theoretically it was possible — if not always elegant — for a New Orleans veteran to blow happily on 'Sweet Georgia Brown' or 'Lady be good' in the company of Charlie Christian or Lester Young (Young, after all, actually worked in one of King Oliver's later bands). That camaraderie extended into and beyond bebop, for Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and their cohorts only tinkered with the raw materials, never going so far as to replace them.

That common repertoire took in the twelve-bar blues, a certain number of rags and stomps — and a large quantity of one-time pop-songs, usually with harmonies that were comfortable or stimulating. Eight pieces of exactly that sort provided Stephane Grappelli, Joe Pass and Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen with something to work on one night in 1979 at the Tivoli Gardens, Copenhagen, a performance now issued on Pablo Live 2308 220. A Frenchman, an American and a Dane, respectively 71, 50 and 33, cut nicely across generation and nationality gaps, taking off on numbers such as 'Crazy rhythm' and 'Let's fall in love'. It is extraordinary how Grappelli has improved over the years, a far more dashing and inventive jazz violinist now than in the days when he partnered Django Reinhardt. Everything comes across freshly: the warm embellishment of 'Time after time', the elaborate cadenza that prefaces 'I get a kick out of you'. ('How deep is the ocean', incidentally, gets turned into a duet for Pass's guitar and Orsted Pedersen's bass, a nimble bit of interweaving.)

What changed jazz were not the social forces which had shaped its early years. As the music became less functional, so aesthetic curiosity took over. At the end of the 1950s Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane both disrupted traditional jazz harmony: Coleman by ignoring the chord, Coltrane by stretching it. Whichever alternative they opted for, musicians of the newer persuasions could now work only with companions who knew the ropes. When Norman Granz allegedly asked John Coltrane to tour with *Jazz At The Philharmonic*, that nest of jamming egos, Coltrane refused to do so unless he could bring his own pianist, bassist and drummer. What those four accomplished together can be sampled on *The European Tour* (Pablo Live 2308 222), recorded in 1962 at a concert by the classic line-up: Coltrane, McCoy Tyner (piano), Jimmy Garrison (bass), Elvin Jones (drums).

Anyone who saw the Coltrane Quartet during the 1960s will recognise the material: 'The promise', a couple of ballads — 'Naima' and 'I want to talk about you' — and a twelve-bar blues, 'Mr. P.C.'. The stance was modal, Coltrane permutating the harmonic possibilities in solos that lasted much longer than audiences were used to. The Quartet rarely played better than in the 18-minute 'Mr. P.C.'; Elvin Jones's drum solo is a model of shading and dynamic understanding while Coltrane interacts with his fellows with a controlled abandon that seldom happened quite so spontaneously in recording studios. A few technical handicaps — mono only, also some traipseing about on-stage — are outweighed by the historical and aesthetic importance.

Before he died, in 1967, Coltrane had moved into areas which left some of his admirers slightly bewildered. In fact, he never really solved the problem of what he should do next. Musicians round the world took up his sound and copied his formula. Only a few attempted to transfer the logic of his methods to a different set of circumstances. Perhaps the most successful of these is Evan Parker, a British saxophonist, described by one writer as creating music of shocking originality. The shock comes because the listener feels adrift: the scales and modes have vanished, the timbres are often sonorous but can just as easily be harsh — as irritating as a slate-pencil squeaking on a slate. Parker is typical of all exponents of Improvised Music (the preferred name, distinguishing it from straight or even Free jazz) in abandoning predetermined structures; where he seems untypical is because — like only a handful of others — he fills that gap with self-imposed restraints and challenges, his vocabulary derived from a technique of daunting virtuosity and unorthodoxness, at once as personal and impersonal as a mathematician's set of proofs. It is instructive to compare Coltrane's lengthy sequence of unaccompanied playing — repetitive yet full of tiny variations — in 'I want to talk about you' with Parker's 45-minute solo performance at the Finger Palace in California in 1978, released on a label with a name as bizarre as that of the venue: The Beak Doctor 3. (Copies may be hard to come across except at a few specialist shops).

An Evan Parker LP once got categorised as 'Easy Listening' in a record magazine, a mistake of titanic proportions. Perhaps the handiest — and most cautious — way of approaching his playing is to hear it in the relatively formal surroundings of *Around 6* (ECM 1156), the work of a sextet led by Kenny Wheeler, a Canadian-born trumpeter, remarkable not just for the quality of his improvising but for the nonchalance with which he straddles most jazz disciplines. Wheeler wrote all the pieces on this LP, giving them artful titles: 'Lost woltz', 'Mai we go

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

round', even — quoting Jim the punman himself — 'Riverrun'. There is overdubbing (the Swedish trombonist, Eje Thelin, plays a duet with himself on one track), also a predominance of melody — sometimes oblique, fragmented — in both scoring and solos. Evan Parker's playing fits into the setting with a disconcerting aptness.

The past couple of years have seen high praise in these columns for Art Pepper, a man of the 1940s who has borrowed what he wants from Coltrane, but only to adorn and amplify his own style. Anyone who caught Pepper at Ronnie Scott's Club in the summer will welcome *Blues For The Fisherman* (Mole 1), an LP actually recorded in that club by Pepper's group but issued — for obscure yet highly practical reasons — as by the Milcho Leviev Quartet. Leviev is Pepper's pianist, a Bulgarian who moved to the United States in 1971, a player of some scope and inventiveness. But it is Pepper whose solos grip the imagination. Chris Hunter is another alto saxophonist who seems to speak directly to the listener. But he is British, only just into his twenties, with a reputation still to be made. In *Early Days* (Original Records ORA 104) Hunter tackles material from a variety of sources: Duke Ellington's 'Prelude to a kiss', Stevie Wonder's 'Too high', Heikki Sarmanto's 'Waltz for Eric' (a Finnish tribute to the late Eric Dolphy). The backgrounds are elaborate, tinged with rock influences, yet never up-stage Hunter's bubbling eloquence.

In the past jazz used to borrow tunes from popular music. More recently it has taken electronic techniques and instruments (the bass guitar, for example), even a certain rhythmic compactness. No group has explored that area of overlap more usefully than Weather Report. The leader, Joe Zawinul, was originally content to play the piano, but over the years has surrounded himself with synthesizers, using them subtly and seriously. He wrote most of the pieces on *Night Passage* (CBS 84597), one of them moody (the aptly titled 'Forlorn'), the others perkier. Occasionally the music seems over-repetitive (the title-track, for instance) but most of the time it works economically, the composed and the improvised balancing neatly. Wayne Shorter, another saxophonist in Coltrane's mould, is ebullient in 'Madagascar', 11 minutes long, recorded — 'live', as the saying goes — in Japan and a performance which justifies the genre.

The weakest track, sadly enough, is 'Rockin' in rhythm', intended as a tribute to Duke Ellington, with saxophone and synthesizers bravely attempting to deputise for Ellington's reed section. To turn to the original is to spot the differences. Ellington's orchestra was, of course, primarily a vehicle for Ellington the composer, yet it performed other people's themes as well, usually pop-songs (even unlikely ones, such as 'The Lambeth Walk' and 'Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?'), but also — at the start of the 1960s, anyway — pieces by Tchaikovsky and Grieg. The attempt at refurbishing *Peer Gynt Suites, Nos. 1 & 2* turns out, alas, to be a flop, little more than a matter of tedious reorchestration. But the other side of CBS 61899 is devoted to *The Nutcracker Suite*, showing that 'classics' can be jazzed with wit and style, not an exercise in iconoclasm but a genuine transformation.

Dario Fo's farce
accidental death of an anarchist
"A big hit"
(Newsweek)
Wyndham's Theatre
01-836 3028

Television

Fixed Bayonets

JULIAN BARNES on the first episode of the BBC's historical survey of the Troubles.

'How do you see this thing resolving itself?' Ludovic Kennedy asked Robert Kee on *Did You See?* (BBC-2). The subject was *Ireland* (BBC-2), and Kee's bleak but honest reply was simply, 'I don't'. His present, limited objective he describes as 'ungarbling the past', and it's certainly time television addressed itself to this task. The next, more important step for TV and Ireland is, of course, ungarbling the present; but it's a bit much to expect that as well, I suppose, particularly in the franchise season.

Kee's first programme was solidly scripted, but seemed nervously keen not to be mistaken for an OU history lesson. It zipped through from passage-burial time to Elizabeth I with lots of uncharacteristically clement Irish weather, heavy employment for wind and brass members of the Musicians' Union, and dutiful references to that famous Norse firm of solicitors, Messrs Slaughter, Pillage and Rape. There was an earl called Strongbow, a bay (if I heard right) called Baggybum, and some meretricious bits of directing — especially when the story of the O'Neill rebellion was ludicrously told in voiceover during a vicious game of hurling.

Kee trotted round various grass-covered ditches and earthworks with his usual wary air of a man in the middle of a Grecian 2000 conversion-job; but mostly his text managed to fight its way through the visual distractions. At least it seems fairly certain we aren't going to get a Westminster whitewash; and there were some enticing snippets from later programmes in the series: film of British soldiers with fixed bayonets in Dublin in 1920; an aged Black and Tan, followed by an aged IRA man, quietly recalling their past murders. Such moments boded grimly well for Kee's account of more recent events.

The frontmen on *Great Railway Journeys of the World* (BBC-2) are showing a naughty tendency to jump train: always literally, but often metaphorically as well, taking the branchline into a country's history or social life. This week Michael Wood faced a seductive conflict between the world's most luxurious loco (the Blue Train from Cape Town to Johannesburg) and that major branchline, South African society. The train — for all Wood's windswept, bare-armed footplate work — rather lost out, which must have annoyed those railway buffs at whom the series is primarily aimed. But then one can see the quandary: why make a programme about a silly old train when you can make one about the injustice, beauty and war all around you? Answer: because other programmes are already doing just (and just) that: *Man Alive,* for instance, recently gave us a plain, forceful, riveting collage of black women's autobiographies (produced and directed by Chris Austin). Wood's programme, like others in the series, was pulled in too many directions; but it still turned up some rare human specimens, not least the grand old lady who is the last survivor of the siege of Mafeking: 'We didn't think much of it, we children,' she recalled dismissively.

Brief space only for *On the Eve of Publication* (BBC-2), the third play in the David Mercer season, about a bullying, egotistical Marxist writer seeing his life flash before him: the death of the revolution, of his aborted child, of his marriages, presage his own demise. It was full of attack — sharp, funny, irritating and (one suspected) self-indulgent, but always the product of a serious, extensive talent. At one point the novelist spoke of his growing ailments — 'as if death were a gentle earthquake of the system, gathering force over the years'. For Mercer, sadly, it wasn't the gentle earthquake but the sudden bolt of lightning.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Classrooms

Not Quite Jerusalem by PAUL KEMBER *Royal Court*
Remember Me? by TONY MARCHANT *Square Thing, Stratford E.*
Don Juan by ROBERT DAVID MACDONALD *Roundhouse*

Clambering into my seat at Chelsea FC, I hear a fellow-spectator derisively mimick my genteel 'excuse me'; a few hours later, the young bloods at the table beside me make parallel sport with a waitress's Street-Porter accent; and then home I go, to read a review complaining that the British theatre pays too much attention to the subject of class division. On bad days, I wonder why it bothers to tackle anything else. Mao once said that all thinking was subtly stamped with the brand of class; but in England the brand is more obvious and immutable, a mark of Cain or the kind of scorched symbol one finds on sheep, imprinted upon our voices, appearance, attitudes in childhood and ever after indicating either that we lord it over our brothers or that we are other people's property. If we ascend to heaven, make our bed in hell, or descend to the uttermost parts of the sea, behold, it is there: class seems inescapable even if, as a character in *Not Quite Jerusalem* more modestly suggests, we escape to the land where Jesus once walked and orange street-lamps now light up the Tel Aviv darkness.

The play is set on a kibbutz, which is somewhat sketchily evoked in terms of hard work in field and cowshed, washing-up rotas, group talk-ins, and volunteers jetting in from all parts of the planet. I would have liked a bit more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

documentary detail; yet I have to admit, first, that the result still has a first-hand feel to it, second, that its subject is less the kibbutzim than their Anglo-Saxon guests, less Israel than Britain.

All four English volunteers are seeking safe haven from problems at home, one from a nervous breakdown, the other three from frustrations, dissatisfactions and exasperations ultimately caused by an askew society. Mike is a working-class undergraduate playing hookey from complacent Cambridge. Dave is apathetic, passive, helpless, a whinging exploitee who has never learned to take responsibility for anything, least of all himself; and Pete is more embittered, but also more aware, peppier, more resilient. After the Swedes and Swiss have entertained the assembled communards by prancing round maypoles, he and Dave make their public obeisances to British culture with a gesture reminiscent of the climax of Trevor Griffith's *Comedians*. They sing 'God Save the Queen', bare their rumps, brandish two fingers, and are promptly banished the kibbutz, only to be reinstated when it's explained that the true object of their contempt is a system in which 'all the important decisions of your life are in the hands of other people'.

The explanation is made to a somewhat oppressively wise liaison officer by Mike, who thereupon ups and leaves for England, presumably to try to change things; and, though it has its function in the plot, it does sound a bit too much like the author's own summarising peroration. Mr Kember should probably also avoid lines like 'nobody ever succeeded who came to kibbutz to run away from themselves', and perhaps work harder to ditch excess verbal footage. But these are venial faults, especially in a first play; and mainly one remembers the authenticity, the well-taken characters, the energy, the humour, and, above all, the undoctrinaire intelligence. The play has criticism for both its main parties, the Israelis for a certain insularity and intolerance, as well as for tending to exploit their voluntary helpers, and the helpers themselves for indolence, offishness and bigotry, for treating the kibbutz like a substandard Butlins run by importunate 'Jewboys'. Mr Kember isn't the least finicky about introducing racist or sexist remarks, and at one point almost lures the audience into laughing at a remarkably ugly song about Nazi rapists; but he also makes it gently apparent how defensive and even desperate those remarks are, how much a compensation for a sense of inadequacy, a lifelong feeling of having been cheated. This is a play that seeks to explore without distorting, explain without patronising, a most auspicious debut.

There are some good performances, notably from Leslee Udwin as a mulish, aggressive, but softer-centred soldier-girl and from Bernard Strother as droopy Dave; and lively ones, too, from Andrew Paul and John Fowler in *Remember Me?*, another first play and on much the same subject. This opens the Theatre Royal's studio theatre, which looks like a prefabricated classroom, and in this instance is meant to *be* a prefabricated classroom, a forum for another display of helpless rage at the inadequacies of our educational machine, especially when those fed into it have already been mutilated by background and upbringing. To be honest, the play doesn't add much to Nigel Williams's *Class Enemy* and Barry Keeffe's *Gotcha;* but it's still pretty vivid, arresting stuff, and perfectly plausible in its handling of the unemployed lad who breaks into his old schoolhouse, drawn back like an abused dog by the smell of the place where things went irreparably wrong for him. All he succeeds in doing, as opposed to impotently saying, is snitch £15, tear up a few exercise books and scrawl the play's title on the blackboard. *Remember Me?* The irony, of course, is that they don't and won't, and even now have little reason to do so.

Given its pan-European reputation, we'd all been looking forward to the first London visit of the Glasgow Citizens; and I suppose it proves that they can construct stunning sets and act with a flair and flamboyance that might illumine many good plays. What a pity, then, they should oblige us to endure so lapidary a comedy of manners and (glancingly) ideas as Mr Macdonald's tale of a languid Juan holding hostage a becostumed cross-section of human foibles and vices. Watching it was rather like being buried up to the neck and slowly stoned to death with apophthegms: not the best Christmas experience available.

Among this week's contributors:

PETER GORDON is Head of the Curriculum Studies Department at the University of London Institute of Education and author of *Selection for Secondary Education*.

PAUL BINDING edited Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston* for Penguin. He is currently working on a study of Stephen Spender.

ARCHIE BROWN is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford. He is also the co-editor of *Authority, Power and Policy in the USSR*.

JOHN COLEMAN's film column will be back next week.

Weekend Competition

No 2647 **Set by A. Boteman**

Extracts, please, from Alice's adventures in Thatcherland, Reaganland, Bothaland or Brezhnevland. Up to 100 words, by 2 January 1981.

No 2644 **Set by B. Mooring**

Newspaper diary paragraphs dealing with the events depicted in the film *Caligula*.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

First, let me extend the complex's condolences to Gina Berkeley, whose entry for last week's comp has just arrived. In a covering letter she explains that she was on her way to deliver the entry by hand when she was 'involved in an accident in the snow and detained in hospital'. The staff at the complex have clubbed together to send Ms Berkeley a get well card, but the moral is clear: don't try to break the Post Office monopoly by delivering entries by hand. You never know what nameless horrors may be lurking in the undergrowth of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

As for this week's comp, I think we can award eight Jimmy O'Goblins to the winners. I shall say no more.

London Diary

See what you make of this. Last week I saw the film *Caligula* and was struck by the similarity of the plot to Labour's leadership struggle. Caligula got his name from his soldier's boots (caligae) which brought Foot to mind. He served under Tiberius (Callaghan) and was co-heir to the leadership with Gemellus (Healey).

Initially Caligula appeared to be a left-wing liberal in his politics but when later appointed sole leader of the Romans (prime minister) his motto became spend, spend, spend. He got through about £6 million, creating much employment of labour, then confiscated property and wealth right left and centre. He made his favourite horse a consul and, with the blessing of the Comp Complex, I offer a small prize for guessing the nag's modern equivalent.

GERRY HAMILL

Spectator Notebook

The hue and cry about *Caligula* is predictably noisy. I am surprised, however, by the nature of the attack mounted upon it by our gallant colleagues on the Left. I rather expected them to leap heroically to its defence as a film demonstrating the atrocities of imperialism. Instead, there is much whingeing about blood and guts, the latter not a commodity one automatically associates with Hitchens and his ilk. It is difficult to see why they have not seized the opportunity to comment on the tragic absence of Roman social services, which would, doubtless, have cured Caligula of his peccadilloes. I suspect, however, that their relative silence is due to a sneaky respect for that unholy Roman Emperor. He must, after all, have been a true socialist to treat the royal family with such zestful disrespect. Especially when it was his own.

BILL GREENWELL

Crisp at Large (The Observer)

This week went to see *Caligula*. Far be it for me to tread on our film critic's toes, despite the fact he has yet to acknowledge my existence, but I really feel it behoves me to speak out.

Had thought the picture would be instructive as well as entertaining, if rather heavy. I'm sorry to say it was instructive in a way I could well have done without. If that's how they went on in ancient Rome I'm glad I wasn't there, I can tell you.

Still, it can't be true to life or we'd have done it at

AN INTRIGUING GAME OF STRATEGY!

ADVICE

"It's one of those rare games that is authentically different — challenging, surprising and fun to play on several levels." *Chicago Tribune.*

Now widely available. Stockists include:—
LONDON: Chess Centre W1, Christopher Foss W1, Game Advice NW5, Games Centre WC1, Gilberts NW8, Hamleys W1, Harrods SW1, Howe & Son N6, Knutz WC2, Selfridges W1, Toys Toys Toys NW3. **BATH**: Tridias. **BURY ST EDMUNDS**: Mick McNeil. **CAMBRIDGE**: Heffers, Mick McNeil. **CHESTER**: SPCK Bookshop. **CLACTON-ON-SEA**: Mick McNeil. **DUNDEE**: University Bookshop. **EASINGWOLD**: Towlers. **EDINBURGH**: Games Gallery. **GLASGOW**: Games Gallery. **IPSWICH**: Mick McNeil. **KENILWORTH**: Kenilworth Toys. **KINGSTON UPON THAMES**: Tridias, House of Henrietta, Apple Town Toys. **LIVERPOOL**: Games at Kingsway Corner. **NEWCASTLE**: SPCK Bookshop. **OXFORD**: Sylvester Furniture. **SCARBOROUGH**: Sydenhams, Walker Toys. **YORK**: Galt Toys, SPCK Bookshop. **STIRLING**: University Bookshop. **COLCHESTER**: Colchester Sports.
Or direct from Game Advice, £4.75 P&P inc.

For usual, unusual, old and new
CHESS SETS
CHESS and COOKERY BOOKS
puzzles, games and children's books
GAME ADVICE
1 Holmes Road, London NW5 3AA
01-485 2188

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school in Latin. How Sir John Gielgud could get himself mixed up in it I do not know.

The fact is, you can easily get too much of la dolce vita, especially when liberally mixed with blood and guts. Not my cup of tea at all, I'm glad to say.

MAY DAY

Spectator Notebook

Last week I fulfilled a long-standing promise to take two nephews to a West-End film of their choice — followed by a 'proper' tea. They chose *Caligula* because Stephen said he was doing the Romans at school and 'Homo' (a dubious sobriquet for a Classics beak) kept telling them to study widely. It would throw a new light on history, he thought. He (Stephen) subsequently commented that Caligula had had a bad press. 'Like Richard Crookback,' he added. Alastair (11) said there was too much loving and not enough fighting but both boys were much excited by spotting a number of TV favourites among the cast.

To me it all seemed terribly loud, repetitious and overlong, but I must confess I am no cineaste. I was unable to explain to the boys why a film with such a large proportion of actresses should have been picketed with placards reading, 'Unfair to Women' but I suppose someone will tell me.

JOHN SWEETMAN

London Diary

Hasn't anyone told Mrs Whitehouse about *Caligula*? (The producer should have called it *O! Caligula!*). It makes the National's *Romans in Britain* look like a vicarage tea-party. Rape, incest, buggery — it's the Lays of Ancient Rome with a vengeance. Making a consul of the Emperor's horse was the sort of amiable eccentricity likely to appeal to a soft-hearted British audience; it might even elicit a sympathetic whinny from the Royals. But love of animals and bestiality are not quite the same thing, though Caligula tended to confuse them. And what are actors of the calibre of Peter O'Toole and John Gielgud doing in this *galére*? (O'Toole — Irish joke, I suppose). Gibbon would have enjoyed the film, though he'd have relegated much of it to the decent obscurity of Latin footnotes. Oh well, for a couple of hours or so it takes one's mind off Thatcher-Right Britain.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

It seems that 'Bootikins' has done it again. The word around the Praetorian guards' nightspots is that his favourite sister, Drusilla, so recently dead, is due for a special award. Quintus Naevius Macro wasn't saying much last night, but reading between the lines of our chat in the vomitorium I can reveal that this is one rumour not spun out of whole cloth. 'Closer than most brothers and sisters' is how one of the Emperor's intimates described their relationship to me, and certainly Gaius' fondness for Drusilla and the lovely, jet-setting Agrippina went deeper than most media-people realised. Heartbreak doesn't only hit the poor, you know, and the Germanicuses have had more than their share of tragedy. I remember the elder Agrippina at the games jesting, with prophetic wisdom, 'We've all got to go sometime, darling.' Brave, beautiful woman. More than this I can't say, but expect a shock announcement.

BASIL RANSOME DAVIES

Tony Miles

Chess

No 209 **A moral victory**

The chess Olympiad is certainly not the easiest thing in the world to organise well but, as the Israelis proved in 1976, it can be done. Buenos Aires in 1978 was a farce and Malta this year was definitely comparable. More of the bad side in a future column. First the good. As I wrote earlier, on paper the Soviet side was clearly strongest but the Hungarians (even without Adorjan due to a disagreement over board order) were determined to hang on to their title. Indeed they led throughout. Only in the closing round did the Russians draw level and going into the last round they were neck and neck on 35 points. The USSR were paired against Denmark and Hungary against Iceland. In the case of a tie the event was to be decided by sum of opponents' scores, which seemed to favour the Hungarians.

At the end of the first session Hungary led 3—0 but in the last game the Icelander could force a draw. The Soviets led 2½—½ with Karpov having the better of a rook ending. Both games went as expected so the result was a tie. This meant that the decision rested basically on the results of the teams both leaders had met in the opening rounds. In particular the crucial match was Scotland (who had played Hungary) against Greece (who had played the USSR). At the adjournement Greece led 1½—½ with two to be resumed. The far-sighted, for want of a better word, Russians had taken this possibility into account and sent a team of analysts headed by Kasparov to help the Greeks! They duly won both remaining games leaving the tie split 449½—448 to the USSR! Had the result been even 2½—1½ the Hungarians would have won. It could even be argued that the Olympiad was decided by the Scots board one, Craig Pritchett, who had to leave a week early.

So the gold medal went to the USSR but, as was obvious from the relative appause at the prize-giving ceremony, the moral victory belonged to the Hungarians.

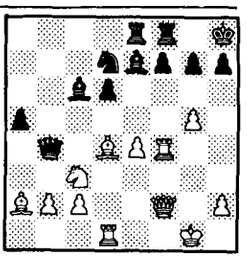
Yugoslavia came third 4 points behind and England a disappointing sixth, 2½ points off medals. Unfortunately not a single member of the English team played consistently well though there was the small consolation of Jonathan Mestel winning the brilliancy prize: game.

White: J. Mestel **Black: N. Remnan**

1.P-K4, P-K3; 2.P-Q4, P-Q4; 3.N-QB3; B-N5; 4.N-K2, PxP; 5.P-QR3, B-K2; 6.NxP, N-KB3; 7.Q-Q3, QN-Q2; 8.B-B4, O-O; 9.O-O-O, NxN; 10.QxN, P-QB4; 11.N-B3, N-B3; 12.Q-K1, PxP; 13.B-K5, Q-R4; 14.RxP, R-Q1; 15.R-QR4, Q-N3; 16.R-QB4, R-Q2; 17.B-Q3, P-QR3; 18.P-KN4, Q-Q1; 19.P-N5, N-R4; 20.R-N1, P-KN3; 21.R-KR4, BxPch; 22.RxB, QxBch; 23.P-B4, Q-K2; 24.RxN, P-B3; 25.Q-N1, RxB; 26.PxR, PxB; 27.PxP, Q-N2; 28.R-N5, B-Q2; 29.N-K4, R-Blch; 30.K-N1, B-N4; 31.N-B6ch, K-R1; 32.Q-K3, Q-B2; 33.R-N2, Q-B3; 34.R-KB2, Q-R8ch, 35.K-R2, R-B8; 36.Q-R6, R-R8ch; 37.K-N3, Q-Q8ch; 38.K-N4, Q-R5ch; 39K-B5, P-N3ch; 40.KxP, Q-Q5ch; 41.K-N7 resigns.

Problem 209

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 31 December.

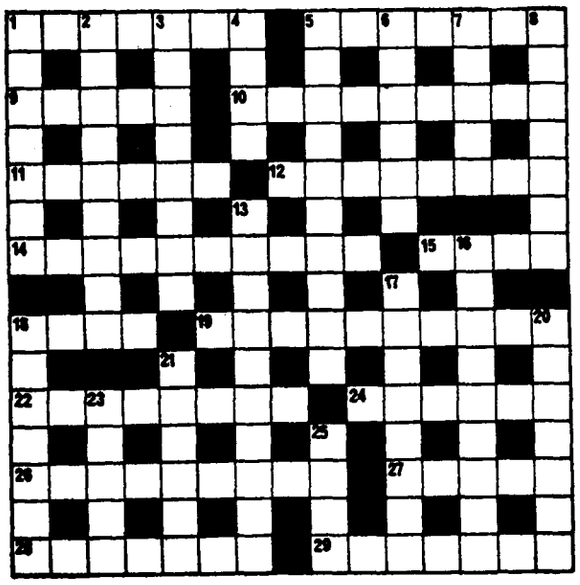


Solution to problem 207

If you thought this one looked easy perhaps you were in for a surprise! 1.RxPch, PxR; 2.B-N6ch, K-K2; 3.B-Q6ch, K-B3; 4.B-R5! BxB; 5.Q-N6ch, K-K4; 6.R-K1ch, K-Q5; 7.Q-B2!! (threatening N-N5ch and Q-B3mate) B-N5; 8.RxP! (threatening N-K2mate) K-B4; 9.N-R4ch, K-N4; 10.B-K2ch, K-R4; 11.P-R3! and fifteen moves later White got his point. Further analysis later, but as a foretaste, the next few moves were . . . QxP; 12. P-N4!! B-K8! 13.P-N4ch, BxP; 14.PxBch, KxP; 15.R-K3, Q-R8ch! . . .

Weekend Crossword 1366

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1366, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 30 December.



ACROSS

1 A number take cover when it is getting light (7)
5 Female organisation enters ballads for rural activities (7)
9 Fruit which makes someone disappear (5)
10 Hated rest being disturbed and broken (9)
11 Become a nuisance in the main festivities (6)
12 Right of patronage causes a fellow to be interrupted by promises (8)
14 Cry about a boy consuming something that goes with the food (10)
15 Supplies an extra tool, we hear (4)
18 Run for the line (4)
19 Comic trade distributed under people's control (10)
22 The finest way of travelling is to cover the ground on foot (8)
24 Quantities of paper make up theses (6)
26 Start training with philosopher as preparation for marriage (9)
27 The speaker finds nothing in immoral practice (5)
28 Provide me with sides and ends (7)
29 Remedies when party finishes with wise men (7)

DOWN

1 Lands which have to do with seas (7)
2 Lucky breaks give success before penny drops (9)
3 A strong man for a club team (8)
4 Prate softly but get out of breath (4)
5 The flower to linger after a cold spell (10)
6 The international was not transferred (6)
7 Standards set when no writing includes one of three (5)
8 Track partisanship? (7)
13 Day too long for the lonely? (10)
16 Showing signs of nerves when giving a girl a token of love (9)
17 Records of a roguish saint (8)
18 A piece in the act is put into the account (7)
20 Nurses lettuce plants? (7)
21 Give credit to goddess in difficult situation (6)
23 Bad weather makes one lose one's temper (5)
25 It would be amusing if the account were penniless (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 36

B	R	O	W	N	I	N	G	K	E	Y	S			
A	M	B	R	O	S	E	A	I	M	S	H			
R	E	V	E	A	L	E	R	P	I	N	E			
S	P	E	N	S	E	R	R	L	G	F	R			
M	A	R	S	E	M	M	O	I	R	A	I			
A	P	T	D	R	A	J	T	N	E	E	D			
C	A	D	I	I	N	O	T	G	P	R	A			
A	I	R	C	A	R	H	E	H	A	I	N			
U	N	Y	K	L	U	N	S	A	T	E	D			
L	O	D	E	I	N	S	H	R	I	N	E			
A	L	E	N	S	B	O	U	D	O	I	R			
Y	E	N	S	T	E	N	N	Y	S	O	N			

The ten asterisked clues contained the names of some of the notable literary figures buried in the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 36

Ben Coleman (London)
D. Livingstone (Birmingham)
M.C.C. Rich (Ripon)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Tel: 01-405 4911/2/3

Lineage: — **£1.25 per line** (6 words per line, minimum 2 lines).
Display: — **£5.50 per single column centimetre** (Minumum 3 s.c.c. at £16.50)
Box Numbers: — **£1.00** extra.

All private advertisements must be prepaid.
Please send your ads to:
CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN,
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ.
Telex: — 28449

COPY DEADLINE — MONDAY FOR FOLLOWING FRIDAY'S ISSUE

HOUSE OF COMMONS
(Department of the Clerk of the House)

SELECT COMMITTEE TEMPORARY ASSISTANT

The Transport Committee requires a Temporary Assistant to provide specialist assistance to the Clerk of the Committee and to undertake research in connection with particular inquiries.

The Transport Committee is appointed to examine the expenditure, administration and policy of the Department of Transport and associated public bodies, and similar matters within the responsibilities of the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. The Assistant would need to have several years relevant experience within the field of transportation, and would probably have a degree in economics, public administration or politics, or a relevant professional qualification.

The preferred age range is 28-35 years and for a successful candidate within this range the salary is likely to be between £9,616 and £11,516 according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications from particularly well qualified candidates aged from 25-27 will also be considered. The salary for this age group is likely to be between £7,966 and £9,571. There is a non-contributory pension scheme with interchange arrangements with other Public Service pension schemes.

The appointment will commence as soon as possible after 31 March 1981, and will be for a period of between two and four years.

Strict political impartiality is required of all House of Commons staff and the Temporary Assistant will be expected not to engage in political activities for the duration of the appointment.

For further details and application form write to:

The Establishments Office, House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA or telephone 01-219 5544.

Closing date for return of application forms is **9 January 1981.**

EDITOR OF TRADE UNION JOURNAL

The Society of Civil and Public Servants, the Trade Union representing 105,000 members in the Civil Service and other public bodies, has a vacancy for the Editor of their monthly newspaper "Opinion".
The Editor is responsible to an Editorial Board for all aspects of the production of the newspaper, including editing material provided for publication, for writing and commissioning articles, for writing the editorials and for layout and general design. He/she will be expected to travel around the country researching material for the journal.
Salary scale — £7,966 to £9,571 (including London allowance). Subject to review on 1 April 1981.
Non-contributory pension scheme.
Season ticket loan scheme.
Annual leave 30 days, plus 10½ days public holiday.
Weekly hours — 33¾ hours, excluding lunch hour.
Overtime payable for extra hours worked.
Applications addressed to:

**The General Secretary,
Society of Civil & Public Servants,
124/130 Southwark Street,
London SE1 0TU.**

should contain full details of journalistic, editorial and Trade Union experience, together with the names of two referees and a daytime telephone number for contact purposes.

Applications should be received by **31 December 1980.**
Interviews will be held on **14 and 15 January 1981.**

RE-ADVERTISEMENT

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CITIZENS ADVICE BUREAUX
WEST MIDLANDS AREA

WELFARE RIGHTS/TRIBUNAL REPRESENTATION PROJECT

PROJECT TEAM LEADER

Based in Wolverhampton but offering a peripatetic service throughout the West Midlands, the Project Team Leader will have responsibility for the development of welfare rights work in CABx, particularly of advocacy work at DHSS tribunals, as part of the EEC's Action Against Poverty Programme.
Heading a team of 4, the Team Leader will have overall responsibility for the project's fieldwork activities of providing training, information services and case-work support to CABx.
The person appointed will be tenacious, innovative and committed to welfare rights and helping the poor. Legal qualifications are desirable, together with experience in community development, although non-lawyers with extensive welfare rights experience will be considered. Driving licence essential.
Previous applicants need not re-apply.
Salary Scale: £7,430-£8,555 (Starting point £7,430) plus 5% non-pensionable supplement; LV's; 20 days Annual Leave plus an extra day at 3 Bank Holidays; contributory pension scheme.
For further details and application form, please write to:

The Personnel Officer, NACAB, 110 Drury Lane, LONDON WC2B 5SW
closing date **2 January 1981**

Citizens Advice Bureau

SOUTH EAST ESSEX COUNCIL FOR COMMUNITY UNDERSTANDING IN CONJUNCTION WITH COMMISSION FOR RACIAL EQUALITY

SECRETARY/COMMUNITY RELATIONS OFFICER

APS — SOI (under review) £5,220-£6,090

Applications are invited for the above post from appropriately qualified persons. The Officer who will be the Chief Officer of the Council, will be responsible to the Executive for implementing a programme of work aimed at promoting equality of opportunity and good race relations between community groups. Driving Licence essential.
Apply to **Hon. Secretary, W. J. Searl, 2 Quilters Close, Basildon, Essex SS14 2TD.**

LENDRICK MUIR SCHOOL
Rumbling Bridge, Kinross

Wanted for **13 April 1981** **TEACHER** qualified in **ART** or **TECHNICAL** subjects. Willingness to help with extra-curricular activities essential. Interest in Youth Club work would be welcome. Accommodation for single or married person. Reply to Headmaster giving two references.

SOUTHWARK WOMEN'S AID
requires a

FINANCE PERSON

Duties include bookeeping to final accounts and negotiation of grants.
Salary £5,000 — Closing date
31 December, 1980.
Write for job description to:

**6 Relf Road, London SE15.
Tel: 01-732 2962.**

LONDON WORKER wanted. Southern Distribution (P. D. C) Distributes radical books and pamphlets to bookshops in the south. £60 net/week. Phone for job description. 01-251 4976. Closing date 24 December.

OV SELECTIONS CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

Appointment Wanted

LITERATE ECONOMIST seeks new horizons in research, journalism or Labour politics, U.K. or overseas. Excellent references available. Box 161.

ADVERTISERS PLEASE NOTE:

Copy deadline for double Christmas issue dated 19 Dec.
MON 15 DEC.

Copy deadline for issue dated 2 Jan. 1981
MON. 22 DEC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fellowship

TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD

Junior Research Fellowship

The College invites applications for a Junior Research Fellowship *in English, Modern Languages or* Classics (including Ancient History and Archaeology, but not Philosophy), tenable for three years (not renewable) from October, 1981. The Fellowship is intended for those who have completed, or are near to completing, a postgraduate thesis, and there are no teaching duties attached to the post, though such work (up to a maximum of 6 hours a week) may be undertaken with the consent of the College. No age limit is prescribed, but preference will be given to candidates under 30 years of age. The Fellowship is open to both *men and women and may* be held in conjunction with other appointments.

Applications should reach the **College Secretary,** (from whom further details may be obtained), between **1 and 31 January,** and should include a **curriculum vitae** with a bibliography and the typescript of any unpublished work, an explanation of the nature of the proposed research, and the names of two referees. Candidates will be expected to make themselves available for interview in the last week of February. The College will bear the cost of travel within the British Isles.

Accommodation Vacant

SW4. Small, but compact bedsit., in quiet house, overlooking garden. All facilities, £19 p.w. Tel. 01-622 5734.

Wanted

PROF. ANGLO/AMERICAN COUPLE seek s/c. accommodation from mid January. Tel. 01-373 2650 evenings.

RECENTLY ELECTED TU Executive, 30, needs flat or share near Euston, for 3 years from January. Offers 051-733 4365.

Removals

GENTLE GHOST

REMOVALS COOPERATIVE

Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes

603 2865. 27 Royal Crescent Mews, London W11.

Personal

NEXUS: Thousands of single, separated, divorced and widowed men & women belong to it. Phone for the brochure, London: 359 7656/7415, Glasgow: 221 1090, Manchester: 834 8964. Leeds: 455186, Bristol: 44365.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 *years old? The Progressive League caters for mind,* body and spirit — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

ASTROMATCH, Introduction Agency, finds your compatible friends/partners through objective *astrological analysis. Details, stamp: Astromatch* (N) 9/11 Kensington High St, London, W8 5NP.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships in*cluding marriage. All ages, all areas.* Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY sometimes. Status gives you a better chance to meet your *kind of people. Contact London's premier Mar*riage/Friendship Service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Chile Committee for Human Rights 1981 Calendar

13 black and white photographs of various aspects of Chilean daily life, and poems by Eduardo Embry.

£2.00 each + 50p p&p

Order from:

CCHR, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JL.

EX-CAREER WOMAN, attractive, family flown, seeks cultivated, kindly man, 50/60, enhance university town house/mountain cottage, appreciate music, art, books, walking, gardening, travel; commuting/permanent basis. Box 149.

FEMININE LA LADY, charming, refined, well-travelled, happy disposition, divorcee, two boys enjoying cultural interest, misses intelligent, successful, attractive gentleman (38-55) who prizes sharing, warm committed relationship/marriage. *Genuine applicant should be generous, polite, sen*sitive, self-assured (unobtrusive), from stable family background. One who has blended all personal assets unfolding commendable person. Box 113.

GRADUATE DIVORCEE, 39, socialist, slim, non-*smoker, interests theatre, cinema, music,* seeks tall, intellectual male, 40s, for perm. relationship. London/Surrey. Box 150.

INDEPENDENT WOMAN, 30, unashamedly seeks warm relationship, with intelligent, politically aware man, who enjoys country, classical music, children and me. Box 147.

MATURE STUDENT, suffering with chronic exam phobia, about to ruin 'second chance', would like to meet or correspond with people, who have been through and overcome this problem. Box 139.

NW London readers

Are you satisfied with your TV rental service?

We offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models from both British and Japanese manufacturers. We also rent sets with Teletext and Prestel facilities.

Telephone us or call at our showrooms, only 39 steps from the Hampstead Tube.

Drazin Ltd

Estd 1927
57-59 Heath Street
Hampstead
London NW3 6UG
435 7441 + 9061

LONDON-BASED professional man, 43, divorced, tall, fit, non-sexist, leftish, many cultural/leisure interests, seeks attractive, non-smoking, interesting, humorous, warm lady in her thirties, for sharing *time together and, with luck, a serious relationship.* Box 144

NEW HORIZONS 1981. Friendly, cosmopolitan woman (50s) who likes intelligent, cultured, thinking, kind, easy-going, spirited, leftish, youthful *men (any age) seeks new unattached friend(s)* who like ditto women for sharing leisure pursuits, ideas, interests, friendship. Box 148.

PIANO REPAIRS, TUNING, uprights, grands and pianolas. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

SENIOR MALE ACADEMIC, 54, slim, separated, wishes to meet compatible lady. Interests include music making, cuisine, self-sufficiency, Francophile. Herts and Home Counties. Box 141.

STRANDED IN LIVERPOOL, Hungarian graduate divorcee, 37, with young daughter, seeks *stimulating, 40ish, prof, male company.* Box 126.

UNATTACHED, MIDDLE-AGED MALE, deserted by friends, seeks company of stylish female, during festive season. Box 146.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal, non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princes Avenue, N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109. (8-9.30 a.m. 6.30-7 p.m.) and weekends.

WHY PAY OVER THE ODDS for Durex? Choose from our F.P.A. approved range. 11 sheath sampler £1.48 Gossamer £4.93, 48 Nu-form extra safe £5.52, 40 Forget-me-not £3.92. Round pound *parcel (6 brands, 49 sheaths £6.72 value) £5.* Full details and free 'expert's guide' with your first order. Dept NSN 28, FP Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

WIDOWER, 40, successful businessman and *academic, beautiful house N. London, seeks at*tractive, interesting, kind woman, 30-40. Box 145.

WOMAN IN 30s, very educated and attractive looking for a man who is quietly discontent because a meaningful relationship seems elusive *who occasionally glances vaguely at these ads and* wonders half-heartedly whether to try replying. I feel this way about placing this ad and shall try only once. Write and tell me about yourself and include a phone number. Box 33.

GENUINE FRIENDSHIPS, MARRIAGE

Introductions all ages 18-80

Special reduced rate to men 50-65

Details from:

FRANCES HOPE FRIENDSHIP AGENCY, S.A.E. 10 BEECHFIELD RD, TRENTHAM, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE

(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 461118.
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

This Publication is Available in MICROFORM

FOR INFORMATION CONTACT:

University Microfilms International

University Microfilms International

18 Bedford Row
London, WC1R 4EJ
England

300 North Zeeb Road
Ann Arbor, MI 48106
USA

Name _____

Institution _____

Address _____

_____

_____

Title of publication _____

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Classified ads cost **only £1.25** per line in the **NEW STATESMAN,** (6 words per line, minimum size 2 lines). Box Numbers £1.00 extra. Your name and address, if to be used in the ad, must be included and paid for. Use plain sheet of paper if you don't want to cut the page.

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

Heading required: .....

Remittance enclosed for £.....No. of issues.....

Remittances payable to **"NEW STATESMAN".** Send to: Classified Ads, NEW STATESMAN, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. **COPY DATE — First post Mondays.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Owing to rises in print and production costs the Classified Advertisement rates in the **NEW STATESMAN will increase** from, and including, the issue of 2 January 1981. The following rates will apply:

Lineage: £1.40 per 6 words (Min. 12 words)
Display: £6.20 per single column centimetre (Min. 3 s.c.c.)
Box Numbers: £1.50

Schools

THE NEW SCHOOL. King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-16 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Publications

OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 13 vols practically new. £175 o.n.o. 01-722 7337.

MIDDLE EAST. Books bought & catalogues issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Rd, Twickenham, Mddx.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

THE RED FLAG: Illustrated Poster (24" × 18") of Socialism's Song (five versus). £1 from Glossoprint (NS), 62 Spire Hollin, Glossop, Derbyshire.

Reading Matters

Order your U.S. books through us. Personal service on all American titles in print at U.S. list prices.

Contact Nancy Rosen and Laurel Stavis
c/o Reading Matters
30 Brattle Street
Cambridge, MA 02138 USA.

READ PUBLIC SCHOOL POWER

The public schools could not have gained their position by simple good teaching; other forces were at work.

Price £2.

Armstrong Publications, 13 White Lion House, Town Centre, Hatfield, Herts.

Health

ALLERGIC TO CERTAIN FOODS?
FIND OUT WHICH EASILY

A ROTATED DIET FOR THE DETECTION OF
FOOD ALLERGY

Food allergy can cause health problems, e.g. Migraine, Arthritis, chronic skin conditions. This easy-to-follow guide enables you to positively identify the food or foods responsible for the illness.

Send 45p post free (cheque/P.O.) to:
LARKHALL LABORATORIES (Dept. NS)
225 Putney Bridge Rd, London SW15 2PY
Send S.A.E. for full booklist

Holidays/Travel

LOOK AT OUR PRICES . . . BOOK TODAY

NORWAY — CITIES & FJORDS £135

June 6th-15th and Sept 2nd-11th
Hotel provides full board, and Full Day Trips (Included in £135) to Oslo, Bergen, Naeroyfjord, Sognfjord, & Hardangerfjord, Jostedal Glacier.

FREE SALMON & TROUT FISHING

ATHENS, CORINTH £142

April 25 - May 8th,
Half-board in hotel by beach.
PRICE INCLUDES Day Trips to Marathon, Acropolis, Corinth, Evia.
TELL US WHICH COUNTRY YOU WISH TO VISIT.
YORKSHIRE TOURS,
49 Thornton Lodge Rd, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
'Phone 0484 24269

UNBEATABLE BARGAINS — DON'T DELAY

LAKE BALATON & BUDAPEST

May 23-31, July 18-26, **£130**, Aug 29-Sept 6 **£120**
Full board, Lakeside Hotel, INCLUDES visits to Tihany, Budapest, Siofok Vesprem, and folk dance evening.

MOSCOW, SUZDAL

Aug 17-27, **£185**
Hotels with full board & sightseeing. Travel Ostend/Moscow by Express Sleeper Train. Kremlin, Red Square, Theatre Evening.
TELL US WHICH COUNTRY YOU WISH TO VISIT
YORKSHIRE TOURS,
49 Thornton Lodge Rd, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
'Phone 0484 24269

LATIN AMERICA. 5 low cost holiday journeys. 3/4/5 wks. Broch: Journey Latin America Ltd, 10 Barley Mow Passage, London W4. 01-994 6477.

USSR MID-TERM TOUR 1981. 21-28 February. To Moscow and Leningrad. £179. Flying from London, Gatwick. Full board and guide/interpreter. Usual programme, plus optional visits for teachers and others interested in Soviet Education. Progressive Tours Ltd., 12 Porchester Place, London W2. 01-262 1676.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Of whom was it said, "This man is mad and bad and we hate him."

Who said of whom, "I'll be making sure she does the washing up beforehand, that's what relaxes her best."

Who said, "It is not part of the Treasury's business to keep ill-kempt poets in the condition to which they would like to be accustomed."

Find the answers and much more besides in

the book of the year

Sept 1979 to Sept 1980

edited by David Widgery.

"Drop one in the stocking..." Andrew Tyler, *NME.*

"...the book does a splendid...job by retrieving some of the best radical reporting of the year..." Clancy Sigal, *New Society.*

"...superbly illustrated and narrated pictorial testament..." Ron Knowles, *The Journalist.*

Pbk **£5.95**, hbk **£11.50**, from all good bookshops, or order from **Ink Links, 59 Charlotte St, London W1 Telephone 636 8222.**

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. cc 379 6233. Special return season 'The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.' (sold out). RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in 'The Irish Play' by Ron Hutchinson 'hilarious . . . sheer theatrical *vitality' Gdn. and 'Television Times'* by Peter Prince. RSC also at Piccadilly in Willy Russell's hilarious "Educating Rita.'

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. People Show in a specially commissioned new show No 86. Mon.-Sat. 8.15 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Amadeus'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Elephant Man', 'The Caretaker', 'The Provoked Wife'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Nativity'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616 cc 261 1821 'S'. 12 & 13 Dec. 7.30 'The Merchant of Venice' & 13 Dec. 2 p.m. 15, 17, & 18 Dec. 2.30 p.m. 'Toad of Toad Hall'. 16 at 7 p.m. & 17, 18 at 7.30 p.m. 'Trelawny'.

THEATREGOERS – *please note: cc - credit cards;* S-Student standby.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Fassbinder's 'The Marriage of Maria Braun' (AA). 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10. Ring 435 9787.

Secretarial

EXPERT TYPING SERVICES offered. Any work considered. 01-723 3316 after 2 p.m. any day.

GROUP *of postgraduates will arrange to have your* editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc, done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3). Intell., accurate, fast. Books/theses. 01-267 0673.

TYPING. 584 0198 day time. Lit./Acd.: Scripts/dupg/Audio. Recession rates! 6 to 7.30 p.m. 073-084 357.

Political Publications

FORWARD TO A MULTI-RACIAL BRITAIN IN 1981

AADHIKAR

Foremost Bangladeshi weekly, out every Friday. For the most comprehensive coverage of the Bangladeshi community in Britain.

15 New Road, London E1 1HE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Healthy Christmas?

Supporting a mother and child care nutrition programme in Zimbabwe is one way **War on Want** is fighting for health this Christmas.

It's a fight against the social and economic conditions that maintain poverty, create hunger and destroy millions of lives.

A fight which tackles:

* inequalities in health care in the UK and the Third World
* control of land and water by the powerful in the Third World
* promotion of useless or harmful drugs and other potentially dangerous products by large corporations.

It's a fight which encourages self-reliance, community organisation and a greater emphasis on preventive care.

Good health is worth fighting for. Join us.

I enclose a donation of £ ..... for War on Want's Christmas appeal.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

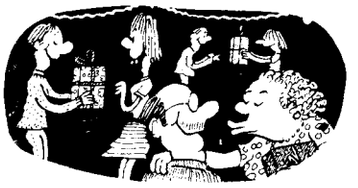
Please send more information on:

☐ health projects ☐ membership ☐ covenants

Please return to:

War on Want

Room NS7, 467 Caledonian Road, London N7 9BE



Christmas Gift Guide

Mrs. THATCHER TOILET ROLL HOLDERS

Dispenses roll from Mrs. Thatcher's mouth. Made from birch plywood with pine box on back for wall mounting. Includes roll and fixing screws.

Dimensions: 11"x 11"x 4½"

Send £6.95 to Woody Enterprises, 15, St. Marys Row, Moseley, Birmingham

Tel.: 021-449 4037

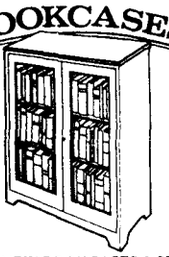
VICTORIAN DOLLS COPIED

from original antique dolls:

THE JDK BABY HILDA is lovely and is this month's special offer. Normally £125, on offer at £95.
Limited supply of 50 of these dolls only. She is dressed in white baby gown and cape, has composition body and real hair wig.
DOLLS' HOSPITAL SERVICE.
DOLLS' CLOTHES, COMPOSITION BODIES, WIGS, ETC.
PRICE LIST/BROCHURE 40p.
DOLL PICTURE CATALOGUES: Colour £3.50, B/W £1.25.

Cheques & POs payable to: Mrs M. Marsh, Marsha's Dolls' House, 21 Keats Way, Greenford, Middx.

BOOKS AND BOOKCASES



OLD AND NEW BOOKCASES & SHELVING
SECOND HAND BOOKS
MODERN FIRST EDITIONS
46 MALDEN ROAD, LONDON NW5
Tel: 01-485 6045
OPEN WED.-SAT. 11-5 p.m.
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 2-5

FITZROY GALLERY

'ART AND MUSIC'

A selection of paintings, prints, drawings, water-colours and sculptures.

Until 23 December

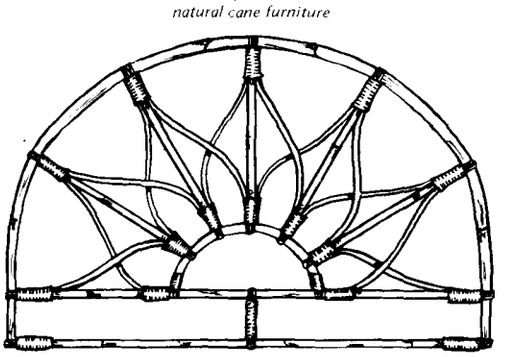
4 Windmill St, (off Charlotte St), W.1.

Tues.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-3 p.m.

Natural CANE HEADBOARDS

by The Kane Co-op

A Workers Co-operative in Wales
Makers of finest quality headboards and natural cane furniture



Single Bed 36" £23.90
Double Bed 54" £27.90
Extra Large Bed 60" £32.90

Price includes all fittings and free delivery in Wales, England and Scotland (Allow 21 days delivery) state size required and send cheque/Postal Orders to:

Kane Co-operative (Swansea) Ltd
52 Wychtree Street
Morriston
Swansea SA6 8EX
Telephone (0792) 798008

Send large SAE for brochure of our full range

Courses

THE POLYTECHNIC OF CENTRAL LONDON

SCHOOL OF COMMUNICATION
CULTURAL AND COMMUNITY STUDIES

Women and the Mass Media

(IMAGES OF WOMEN IN POPULAR CONTEMPORARY CULTURE)

15 January-5 March 1981
(Eight Thursdays)

1900 hours-21.30
Course Tutor: HELEN BAEHR

Further details and application forms from:

Lynne Owen, Short Course Unit, PCL, 309 Regent Street, London W1R 8AL.
Tel: 01-580 2020 Ext 221

Meetings

BOLIVIA. Vice President elect Jaime Paz speaks on 'Resistence to the July Coup'. Grand Committee Room, House of Commons. Tues. 16 Dec., 7 p.m. All welcome.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. 'London Through The Ages' illustrated slide lecture by Jerry Lord. Wednesday 17 December 7.30 p.m. Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, London WC1. All welcome

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme Sun. 14 Dec. 8 p.m. Q/A Meeting 'What Theosophy Explains'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Poetry

POETRY & JAZZ. — Adrian Henri + Quarternity. Thursday 18 December at 7.30 p.m. Holborn Library Hall, Holborn Library, 32-38 Theobalds Road, WC1. Tickets: £2.00 (£1.00 the retired, students, children) from Camden Box Office, St Pancras Library, 100 Euston Road, NW1 (387 6293).

Incorporating 'The Nation', The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Filmset by Arc Filmsetting Ltd, 44-48 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Printed by QB Ltd, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd, at Greet Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED